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The Ypsilanti Commercial.

VOL. 37.—NO. 33. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1900. EIGHT PAGES

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half wool, half cotton will wash perfectly—

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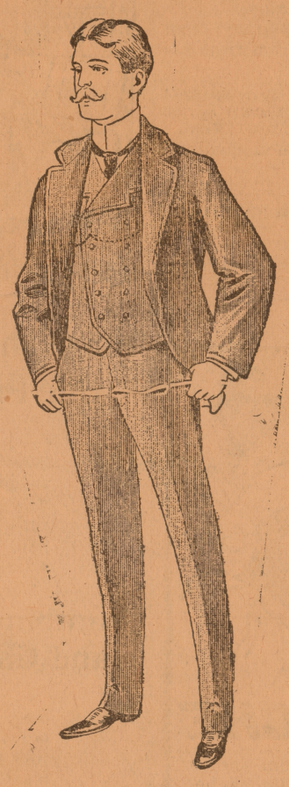

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Sums up the virues of Adler Clothing in three words.

Find any detail slighted in your Adler suit or overcoat, and you may have your money back. Talk is cheap, they say, but it means something when backed up by the coin of the realm.

What is it today—a suit or an overcoat? A hat or some underwear? A pair of gloves, or a swell bit of neckwear?

It's here, whatever you want. Quality, style, and value unquestionable.

Another word about Adler clothing. We have the exclusive sale in this city, and any man who thinks he isn't getting enough for his money, is courteously invited to step in and try on a few of our Adler novelties. If he has been going to a custom tailor, he'll be surprised to find that we give him the same thing in ready-to-wear garments for half what he has been paying.

Sullivan=Cook Co.

114 CONGRESS ST.

WELL SPOKEN OF IN THE CHAPEL.

At the chapel exercises at the Normal Friday morning, Prof. S B. Laird made a few remarks in reference to the sad fate of Miss Cronin and Ward Wood. He related how he and another member of the faculty and two of the Arm of Honor fraternity young men accompanied the bodies to Lawrence and Bangor, and attended the funeral services; and spoke of the gratitude the bereaved friends and relatives expressed for the kindness and consideration of the college authorities and fraternity.

"All that we heard of the young people was greatly in their favor," said Mr. Laird. "Miss Cronin walked two miles twice a day to attend the high school, and when she finished her work she stood first in all her classes. All who knew her expected that she would make her mark in the world, as she had a strong, well-balanced mind, and was an original thinker. She made many friends at the Kalamazoo asylum, where for two years she acted as an attendant; for she was quick to learn, anxious to please and steady and industrious. She lived sparingly, and saved her money in order to come to the Normal.

"The testimony in regard to Mr. Wood was just the same. He cared so much for an education that he walked four miles night and morning to get it, and he was backed by a moral nature which did not even yield to the temptations and trials of army life. I saw his former tent-mate a short time ago, and the young man said that Wood was one of the srtongest characters he had ever known. From the earth side it is sad that these two earnest, ambitious young people had to be torn away from life when they had just entered it; but from the Heaven side we know that they will gain infinitely more than they have lost."—Argus.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The Normal football team have adopted the following resolutions, which they have sent to the family of the late Ward Wood, and to the Bangor, Mich., papers:

Whereas; Death has entered our numbers and taken from our midst our esteemed and respected captain, Ward Wood, therefore be it

Resolved: That while we mourn his departure and feel our loss, we bow in humble submission to His will, who doeth all things well, and trust a kind Providehce may direct and protect his family in this, their sad hour of bereavement, and be it further

Resolved: That the Football Team of the M. S. N. C. extends its deepest sympathy to the family of the deceased in their trial and affliction, and be it further

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family.

C. T. TEETZEL,
GEORGE EDMUNDS,
A. O. GOODALE,
Committee.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Higley is expected soon.

All the committees that have not met will meet next week.

If any one wishes to join let the secretary know at your earliest convenience.

Arrangements are being made for some educational classes in our association.

The secretary remained in Albion to visit friends. She returned Wednesday evening.

All young women are cordially invited to attend the vesper service at 4:30 next Sunday.

The board meeting will be held Nov. 2. The members are requested to be prompt, as there is much business to be attended to at this meeting.

The convention was a grand one. There were eighty-nine delegates. The sessions were well attended and full of practical and spiritual help. The secretarial conference on Monday was attended by ten secretaries, all but two of whom were from this state. It was a meeting that broke down all barriers of reserve, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all in attendance.

The Y. W. C. A. of the Normal college was well represented at Albion, there being eleven delegates. All except Miss Elgie, who stayed to attend the secretarial conference, returned Monday morning. The girls report an enjoyable as well as a profitable time. A great deal of noise was made with the yell, which ran as follows:

M. and S. and N. and C., there's where
The next convention will be.
We're the hot stuff of creation,
We're the Ypsi delegation.

An invitation was given for the next state convention to meet at Ypsilanti, and in spite of the fact that Jackson and Detroit had handed in the same invitation, it was accepted.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents. 22

PROSPECTS POLITICAL.

The reception of Bryan by the workingmen of Chicago on Labor Day was as unprecedented in point of enthusiasm as were the hisses, in point of volume, that greeted the appearance of Roosevelt.

Maybury is everywhere well received, while the presence of Loennecker is the signal for enthusiastic cheers.

That Messrs. Bryan and Maybury will be elected the people believe and the trusts fear.

What are Mr. Loennecker's chances? Wherever there is gathered together an assembly of thoughtful men—whether they be the toil stained workingmen of the city, calculating merchants with a superabundance of McKinley "prosperity," or the sturdy farmers, who are the backbone of the nation—sound them and you will learn that they nearly unanimously favor Mr. Loennecker. That this is the sentiment of his fellow townsmen is not surprising. His geniality, well known integrity and unquestioned ability combine to make him the most popular man in the Central City. The reputation of his splendid record and personal worth has extended throughout the second congressional district, even beyond the most sanguine expectations of his friends. His popularity is everywhere adding strength to the state and national tickets, while it carries consternation and dismay into the opposing camp.

Martin G. Loennecker is not owned by corporation or syndicate, and wherever the trust magnate is denounced there his name is extolled. He is not in the hands of a political "boss." His friends and admirers—hundreds of the leading citizens of the second district—are loyally and spontaneously rallying around his standard. They are his political managers; they are not of the talk-loud-and-do-nothing kind; their work is potent, silent, effective; their aggregate influence will tell.

With the facts before one, it requires no learned seer to prophesy that Mr. Loennecker is going to be swept into office on a mighty and irresistible tidal wave of popular acclaim. He deserves to be signally honored. He is one of the people. He is an honest man.

WASHTENAW SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The following is the program of the annual convention to be held at the Second Congregational church, Salem, October 30 and 31:

OPENING SESSION, TUESDAY, OCT. 30.

10.30—Prayer and Conference Meeting, led by W. J. Canfield, Ypsilanti.
11:30—Meeting of Executive Commtttee and Township Officers.

SECOND SESSION.

1:30—Praise Service, Rev. Wm. Allen, Salem.
1:45—Address of Welcome, Rev. E. Parke Lyon, Salem.
Response, Pres. J. K. Campbell.
2:30—Round Table Conference, The Teacher and his Work, led by Alfred Day.
3:30—Address, Christ the Sunday School Teacher's Model, Mr. Day.
Question Box.
Meeting of Nominating Committee

THIRD SESSION, 7 P. M.

Prayer and Praise Service. Rev. Hayne, Salem.
Report of Secretary.
Address, Reaping the Harvest in the Sunday School, Mr. Day.

FOURTH SESSION, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31.

8:30—Consecration meeting, led by Mr. Day.
9:30—Conference of County and Township Officers.
10:00 — Address, Organized Sunday School Work, Mr. Day.
Report of Treasurer.
Miscellaneous Business.
Election of Officers.

FIFTH SESSION.

1:30—Prayer and Praise, Rev. William Allen.
1:45—Teacher Training, A. Riley Crittenden, Ann Arbor.
2:15—Primary Work, Mrs. W. W. Wetmore, Ann Arbor.
3:00—Home Department, Mrs. Walter Brown, Ypsilanti.
Home Department Conference, E. E. Calkins.
Question Box.

SIXTH SESSION, 7:30 P. M.

Devotions, led by Rev. E. P. Lyon.
Address, Rev. W. L. Tedrow Ann Arbor.

A remedy for Nasal Catarrh which is drying and exciting to the diseased membrane should not be used. What is needed is that which is cleansing, soothing, protecting and healing. Such a remedy is Ely's Bream Balm. Price 50 cents at druggists or it will be mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warreu St., New York. The Balm when placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. A cold in the head vanishes quickly.

C. S. Wortley & Co.,

The "Overcoat Store"

Don't make any mistake about the place to buy your overcoat. We are overcoat specialists — we can show more kinds of good coats than anybody, and we sell them for less money.

You can prove this to your own satisfaction by coming in yourself, trying on the coats and pricing them.

H.S.&M.

The Hart, Schaffner & Marx overcoats are known all over America for their superb fit and durability. Every one guaranteed.

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Some new styles in Hats and Gloves were received today. . . . .

C. S. WORTLEY & CO.

DONT MISS THE FACTORY END SALE

The Merchandise Event of the Season which opens

Saturday, Oct. 20,

At 8 o'clock, and continues two weeks. Personally asranged and conducted by Mr. C. W. Dyer of New York City, who will be with us two days assisting and directing this unique trading event. The store will be especially trimmed, and all goods arranged for the convenience of buyers. Make your plans to be present on the opening day of sale. . .

BERT H. COMSTOCK.

Cash Dry Goods. - Ypsilanti, Mich.

This special offer ends October 1, 1900, so secure it before that time

BOTH TO JANUARY 1, 1902, FOR $1.75.

The Detroit Semi=Weekly Journal and The Ypsilanti Commercial

BOTH TO JANUARY 1, 1902, FOR $1.75.

Send all orders to the Ypsilanti Commercial, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

But you
Cannot measure the good
Resulting from using
its contents,

Unless you follow the advice of the

Adam Frendenstein,

Senior Vice-Commander, G. A. R., Officer of the day, Custer Post, Tacoma, Washington.

Who says:

"I am pleased to say that I have the greatest confidence in Warner's Safe Cure, as I suffered for years with kidney troubles contracted in the army, and nothing seemed to help until I tried it. A few bottles did more for me than all the doctors and medicines previously tried."

TEN FINE NUMBERS.

The Good Government Club of Ann Arbor has arranged its series of lectures for the coming season and has been fortunate in securing speakers who will prove themselves both interesting and instructive to the student body as well as to the citizens. The following list will show the excellent work which is being done by the club.

October 26th, Chaplain Orwick of the Michigan State's Prison will open the course. His subject will be "Behind the Bars," and from such a man as Chaplain Orwick we are safe in saying that it will be a strong lecture.

Judge Orin N. Carter will lecture along the lines of better primary election laws and his appearance will be an interesting feature of the course.

Booker T. Washington, a most welcome guest to both Ypsilanti, and Ann Arbor audiences, will give his earnest and eloquent address on the "Race Problem."

Samuel M. Jones will give his lecture on 'The Golden Rule in Politics." This will be a free lecture.

One of the greatest questions of the day in America is the "Labor Question." President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor will lecture on "The Rough but Ennobling Struggle of Labor." He is an able speaker and no doubt will throw much light upon the labor difficulties.

Hon. Julius C. Burrows, the advocate of pure politics, will address his audience upon some phase of senatorial life.

President J. G. Schurman, of Cornell University, and senior editor of the "Philosophical Review," will speak upon the Philippines. His contact with the Philippino while chairman of Philippine commission makes him well fitted for the above named lecture.

The club is fortunate in securing Richard T. Ely, and his lecture is sure to be appreciated.

Wm. Alden Smith is an able speaker and needs no introduction to Ypsilanti or Ann Arbor audiences.

Hon Don M. Dickenson, a member of President Cleveland's cabinet, and a prominent member of the Detroit Bar will lecture to the club sometime during the year.

The ten excellent numbers above mentioned will be given in Uniuersity Hall, for the mere nominal price of 50 cents. No person in Ypsilanti can afford to miss this opportunity.

Tickets may be secured at the Normal Book Store and of F. D. Forsythe at at Roger's Book Store. For general information and also tickets see E. C. Horner, 413 Ballard street, Ypsilanti Mich.

Watch for the announcements from time to time.

SOMETHING ABOUT ARMIES.

Artillerymen Were Once Regarded as Mechanics, Not Soldiers.

Until the time of Charles XII of Sweden the artillery was not considered a part of the army. The men serving in it were not soldiers, but regarded as mechanics. The officers had no army rank. Charles XII gave artillery officers a rank and regularly organized the artillery into companies. The battle of Pavia demonstrated the superiority of the gun in the hands of the Spanish infantry. The musket carried a two ounce ball and sometimes brought down at one fire two or three mailed knights. The French sent a flag of truce to remonstrate against the use of such barbarous weapons.

Alexander had four kinds of cavalry—the cataphræti, or heavy armed horse; the light cavalry, carrying spears and very light armor; the acrobalistæ, or mounted archers, used for outposts, patrols and reconnoitering duty, and the dimachoe, or troops expected to act either as cavalry or infantry. Alexander the Great reorganized his father's army. The file or lachos of 16 men was the unit; two files made a dilochy; two dilochies made a tetrarchy; two tetrarchies a texiarchy; two of these a syntagura; 16 of these a small phalanx; four of these a tetra-phalangarchy, otherwise known as a large phalanx.

The Greeks attacked in a phalanx, the spears interlocked and shields overlapping. After the first onset the spears were dropped, and the day was decided with the sword. The cavalry attacked the enemy in the rear, if possible, and, in case of victory, undertook the pursuit.—Pearson's Weekly.

A DOSE OF JUSTICE.

LADLED OUT WITH A LIBERAL HAND BY JUDGE HOKE.

The Court Considers the Case of Arizona Sam, General Bad Man, and Disposes of It Without the Aid of Advice From His Lawyer.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

"This yere case," said Judge Hoke, as he called the court to order, "appeals to me not only as the legally elected and only jestice of the peace fur the county of Cold Chuck, but to every man in these diggin's who carries a gun and is supposed to hev the sand to take keer of hisself. It is the case of Arizona Sam versus Pete the Half Breed, and Sam is the complainant. I see he's got a lawyer yere to gab fur him, but that lawyer won't hev no talkin to do.

"Let us begin at the beginnin. Arizona Sam strikes this town a year ago. He has a yell like a fog horn and he weighs 200 pounds. He wears two guns and a knife, and he bites the tops off a dozen beer bottles to show that he was born in a cyclone and cradled in a hurricane. He was sized up fur a bad man, and fur months and months he's bin cock of the walk. I can't remember that he's killed anybody, but that was bekase everybody swallered his bluffs and stepped around softly. He has defied the vigilance committee and he has bluffed this court, and it'll astonish ye to find out jest what sort of a critter he is. Yesterday mornin he starts over the hills fur Tin Cup City. On the way he meets Pete the Half Breed. Most of ye know Pete and most of ye hev heard that he's got no backbone. Pete was ridin his cayuse and Sam was hoofin it. When they come together Sam holds up his hand and says:

"'Git off'n that hoss!'

"'What fur?' asks Pete.

"'Bekase I want him.'

"'But he's mine.'

"Then Sam calls him a string of names 40 rods long. He abuses Pete's father and mother and all the rest of

"GIT OFF'N THAT HOSS!"

his relations. He chanks his teeth and rolls his eyes and pulls his guns. He wants that cayuse, and he wants him inside of two minutes. Ye may figger that Pete, who hadn't any gun with him, turned pale and fell out of the saddle with a thump, but ye'll be mistaken if ye do. It took him some leetle time to realize the situashun, but he didn't skeer. When he got things straight he slid off his critter and lit on to Sam. Did the bold, bad man who has carried the county of Cold Chuck in his pocket fur a year drill holes through the half breed as he come? Not a drill. Was thar an awful struggle lastin half an hour before victory perched on either banner? Not a struggle. That half breed, who was thought to be a worm of the dust, takes the bold, bad man by the nose and leads him around fur awhile. Then he strips him of his weepins, pulls his ears, slaps his jaw and kicks him around a bend of the trail.

"What does the terrible terror of Cold Chuck county do? Hevin given hisself away as a coward and a blowhard does he fall over a cliff that men may furgit him? Does he strike out fur a p'int 1,000 miles away, that his name may never be known? Not much. He comes right back to town and to me, and the fust thing he says is:

"'Jedge, I want jestice.'

"'What sort of jestice?'

"'Jestice fur bein held up and robbed by Pete the Half Breed.'

"'But why didn't ye shute?'

"'He skulked up on me. Gimme jestice, jedge—gimme lots of it.'

"That was Arizona Sam, bold, bad man, and I believed his yarn and sent out a warrant and had Pete arrested. I was calkerlatin to gin him a mighty dose of jestice, but hearin his side of the story has changed my mind. 'Sam, the bluffer, stand up. Are ye denyin that what Pete says is true?'

"'He lit on me mighty sudden, jedge,' was the reply.

"'But you didn't try to pull a gun?'

"'Mebbe not.'

"'And you didn't fight?'

"'I don't think so.'

"'That's 'nuff. Ye ar' simply a great big blowhard and a bluffer, and ye've made every good man in this town back water. We'll be the laughin stock of Tin Cup, Pine Hill and all the other diggin's, and we'll feel the disgrace fur five y'ars. I can't send ye to jail fur bein a bluffer and a duffer, but I'm goin to sentence ye to be booted from this yere temple of jestice to the Red Dog saloon, and if ye ain't over the hill and out of town ten minits later I won't answer fur consequences. As fur Pete, he is sot at liberty, and he kin keep yer weepins and be the fust man to apply the boot. The rest of us, includin the court, will fall in arter him, and as ye feel yerself lifted cl'ar off the earth I hope ye may come to realize that though jestice is blind and moves along like a kyote with two legs broke, she keeps reachin out her hand till she gits the right critter by the neck.'"

M. QUAD.

The average man likes to point to the good traits in his children as a heritage from himself.—Chicago News.

This picture is the trade mark of SCOTT'S EMULSION, and is on every bottle of SCOTT'S EMULSION in the World, which now amounts to many millions yearly. This great business has grown to such vast proportions,

First;-Because the proprietors have always been most careful in selecting the various ingredients used in its composition, namely; the finest Cod Liver Oil, and the purest Hypophosphites.

Second:-Because they have so skillfully combined the various ingredients that the best possible results are obtained by its use.

Third:-Because it has made so many sickly, delicate children strong and healthy, given health and rosy cheeks to so many pale, anaemic girls, and healed the lungs and restored to full health, so many thousands in the first stages of Consumption.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

A SLEEPY GUEST.

Why the Lady of the House Was Indignant Over His Conduct.

There is a well known legal light of Chicago who is in deep disgrace without the shadow of an excuse for himself to bolster up his sinking spirits. He went out to Hyde Park the other night to dine informally with some friends, and his hostess, who had been married but a short time, put herself out to entertain him. The dinner was excellent, and the judge did full justice to it. They had coffee in the library, and the biggest, most padded leather chair was put at the guest's disposal. With a sigh he sank into its cavernous depths and prepared for a luxurious evening with a good cigar ahead of him. Brilliantly his hostess rambled on. She told stories that were witty, and she gently deferred to his views, but presently he left her to do all the talking. In the midst of a striking account of a theater party she stopped with a jerk. There was no response and a dead silence punctuated only by a gentle and regular breathing. The judge was fast asleep in his big chair. There was no doubt of it. Nothing could conceal the fact. With one indignant and comprehensive glance at her plainly delighted husband she arose and majestically swept up stairs. And she did not go down again.

It was some time later when her husband apologetically came up after her. He had not expected her wrath to last. "Did—did you think you were badly treated?" he asked.

"How long did he sleep?" asked the still insulted wife.

Again the grin overspread her husband's face, but he spoke in a sad tone, as befitted the occasion. "Nearly an hour," he breathed. "I wouldn't mind," pacifically.

Then it was the worm turned. "Mind!" she stormed. "Of course I wouldn't, only you have grounds now for the rest of your life for saying I talk so much it puts people to sleep!" And she wept.—Chicago News.

Would Come Anyhow.

The Rev. Father Staunton of the well known Church of St. Alban, Holborn, is a humorist in his way and often tells with inimitable effect a droll story in the course of his sermon which sends through the congregation a gentle ripple of merriment. On Sunday he satirized the ambition of certain people to use words of which they did not know the meaning. Many of them were fond of sticking the letters "D. V." in all sorts of places instead of using the plain, homely English phrase "God willing." He knew one gentleman, rather shaky in his Latin, who in a letter to a friend wrote "I will be with you 'D. V.' on Monday, but anyway on Tuesday."—London Telegraph.

Why She Was Right.

Haydn had a peculiar way of determining the time in which a piece of music should be sung. On one occasion a female singer in high esteem at court had been appointed to sing one of Haydn's compositions. At the rehearsal she and the conductor differed as to the time of the music. The matter was to be settled by referring it to Haydn himself. When called on to decide, he asked the conductor if the singer was handsome.

"Very," was the reply, "and a special favorite with the prince."

"Then she is right," replied Haydn.

BEAUTY.

Beauty was born of the world's desire
For the wandering water, the wandering fire;
Under the arch of her hurrying feet
She has trodden a world full of bittersweet.

The blood of the violet is in her veins;
Her pulse has the passion of April rains.
Out of the heart of a satin flower
God made her eyelids in one sweet hour.

Out of the wind he made her feet
That they might be lovely and luring and fleet;
Out of a cloud he wove her hair
Heavy and black with the rain held there.

What is her name? There's none that knows—
Mother of Mischief or Mouth of Rose.
What is her pathway? None may tell,
But it climbs to heaven, and it dips to hell.

The garment on her is mist and fire,
Anger and sorrow and heart's desire.
Her forehead jewel's an amethyst;
The garland to her is love in a mist.

Her girdle is of the beryl stone,
And one dark rose for her flower has grown,
Filled to the brim with the strength of the sun,
A passionate rose, and only one.

The bird in her breast sings all day long
A wonderful, wistful, whispering song;
The song that is of all passing things,
None knows it—wingless or born with wings.

—Nora Hopper.

WEARING EYEGLASSES.

The Knack of Balancing Them Properly on the Nose.

A young man who had purchased a pair of eyeglasses at a local optician's the other day was complaining to the clerk that he couldn't keep them on.

"They are continually falling off," he said, "and are really getting to be a first class nuisance. Don't you think it would help things if you tightened up the spring a little?"

"No. I wouldn't advise you to alter the spring," replied the clerk. "It's so tight now that it is scarring your nose. If you'll only be patient for a few days, I think you'll learn to wear these glasses all right. Come in at the end of the week, and if you are still having trouble with them I'll fit you out with a pair of spectacles."

"What do you mean by 'learning to wear' those eyeglasses?" asked a man who happened to be standing within earshot after the customer had walked out. "Is it a trick that has to be acquired by practice?"

"Certainly it is," replied the clerk. "Wearing eyeglasses is something that has to be learned, just like riding a bicycle—in fact, the comparison is pretty good, because both are simply feats of balancing. The shape of the nose has very little to do with it," continued the clerk, "and isn't worth taking into consideration in selecting a pair of glasses. But if a man has a nose like the prow of an armored cruiser he couldn't make eyeglasses stay there at first attempt. Until he acquired the knack of keeping them in place by balance they would be falling off every time he made a sudden movement, no matter how tightly he screwed up the spring. Once the trick is mastered, however, there is no further trouble. People who wear eyeglasses habitually and who may be regarded as experts keep the spring very loose. The glasses rest on the bridge of the nose as lightly as a feather, but they never come off. I once saw a nearsighted man fall down two flights of stairs and get up with his glasses still firmly in place. How is it done? Dear me, I don't know! How do people learn to walk the tight rope?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Free Library.

A Main street secondhand bookstore was the scene of an amusing little comedy the other day. A ragged urchin, who had crept in unnoticed, pulled a dog eared book with a gilded title of love and adventure from the rack and, after fingering it for a moment, became immediately absorbed in the thrilling tale.

When the bookseller caught sight of his impecunious visitor, his first impulse was to chase the boy away. On second thought, however, he left the youthful reader to his pleasure. At length the time for closing came around, and the old man set about bolting the shutters.

The noise awoke the urchin from his dream. He lingeringly closed the book and, sidling up to the proprietor, asked with all the assurance of his gutter training, "Say, mister, what time d'yer open termorrer?"—Hartford Telegram.

Trouble Ahead.

Married Man—And you are engaged to Miss Blankie?

Young Friend—Yes. I watched her a whole day on the railroad train and became so interested in her that I followed her up, got an introduction, and now we are to be married.

Married Man—Was she traveling alone?

Young Friend—No. She was with her mother, and her kindness to her mother is what captured me.

Married Man—But, gee willikins, old man, she'll go on being kind to her mother.—New York Weekly.

No Use.

Catterson—Look here, old man! Let me tell you how I manage my wife. I always give her money when she does not want it, and when she does I refer to the time when I offered it to her.

Hatterson—That's a fine scheme, but it wouldn't work in my case.

"Why not?"

"Well, I've never yet seen the time when my wife didn't want money."—Harper's Bazar.

The Retort Proper.

The Collector—Here it is Tuesday, and you haven't paid a cent on that watch. You promised to have the money for me Saturday.

The Young Man—Well, it is only Friday by the watch. It is that much slow.—Indianapolis Press.

Difficult Color Scheme.

"The baby has his father's nose, don't you think?"

"Nonsense! Nature could no more reproduce that nose than she could reproduce a Turner sunset."—Detroit Journal.

GOLD DUST
will clean your house
from Cellar to Garret

NO TIME FOR FRIENDSHIP.

That Old Fashioned Quality Is Said to Be Out of Date.

Friendship is said to be out of date. We certainly have not much time to spare nowadays, even to reflect on what the rush and hurry and bustle of modern life are costing us. Now and again, however, there is borne in upon us the sad realization of the losses we sustain as we tear and scramble through what we now call life. And is not one of these the power of establishing close friendships?

It is a sad reflection, but the more we think of it the truer we shall find it to be, that we no longer have time to knit together those bonds of true friendship and affection which bound our predecessors together and made life sweet to them.

We are always in a hurry, rushing here and there. We meet and know many people in crowds and yet never have time to understand them, to give them or gain from them sympathy. We can scarcely spare an hour that is unconnected with some form of entertainment or some business matter to those we call our closest friends.

Letter writing has been reduced to its least common denominator as time presses on us heavily, and we have no pursuits that we can share with our so called friends that enable us to study each other's characters. Friendship, in fact, has become a mere term with the general run of people.—Chicago Record.

Sure Enough.

A busy merchant who had not taken a vacation for years, in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed an annual outing, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two and started for the mountains.

When about a day's journey from home, he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

DEAR FRANK—Our house was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unharmed. Come home at once. MARIA.

To this, after reflecting a moment, he replied as follows:

DEAR MARIA—What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's, stay there with them till I join you and don't worry. Affectionately,
FRANK.

—Youth's Companion.

HEADACHE

is only a symptom—not a disease. So are Backache, Nervousness, Dizziness and the Blues. They all come from an unhealthy state of the menstrual organs. If you suffer from any of these symptoms—if you feel tired and languid in the morning and wish you could lie in bed another hour or two—if there is a bad taste in the mouth, and no appetite—if there is pain in the side, back or abdomen—BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR will bring about a sure cure. The doctor may call your trouble some high-sounding Latin name, but never mind the name. The trouble is in the menstrual organs, and Bradfield's Female Regulator will restore you to health and regulate the menses like clockwork.

Sold by druggists for $1 a bottle. A free illustrated book will be sent to any woman if request be mailed to
THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

FURS and
Tailor Made
Garments

representing all that is novel and stylish, and combining excellence of workmanship and perfect fit will always be found at

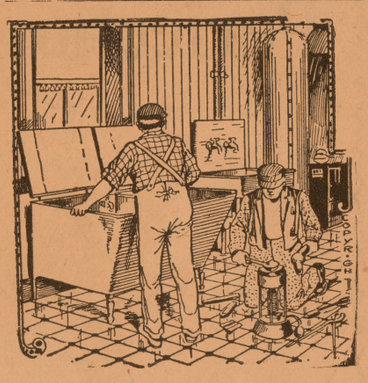
MATTHEWS
44 Jackson Boulevard,
(Between State and Wabash)
Chicago.

When in Chicago intent upon such purchases we invite an inspection of our offerings assuring you it will be to your advantage.

Fur remodelling and repairing at moderate prices.

DON'T BE FOOLED!
Take the genuine, original
ROCKY MOUNTAIN TEA
Made only by Madison Medicine Co., Madison, Wis. It keeps you well. Our trade mark cut on each package. Price, 35 cents. Never sold in bulk. Accept no substitute. Ask your druggist.
INCORPORATED 1882

THOS. S. SPRAGUE & SON,
PATENTS.
Wayne County Bank Bldg., DETROIT.



More Than
One Plumber

has tried to increase profits by lowering quality of materials and grade of workmanship.

The result was failure.

We have endeavored to excel in both these points, with the result that our

Plumbing, Steam
and Gas Fitting

work is regarded as the standard of quality.

And our charges are the minimum for high grade work.

M. A. WILLIS. PLUMBER.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
YPSILANTI, MICH.

Capital, - - $75,000.00
Surplus, - - - 75,000.00

2 per cent interest paid on certificates of deposit.

D. L. QUIRK, President. C. E. KING, Vice-President.
D. L. QUIRK, Jr., Cashier. F. L. GALLUP, Ass't Cashier.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS AND INSURNCE.

E. P. ALLEN, Attorney-at-Law. Room 6, Savings Bank Block.

LEE N. BROWN, Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, Real Estate, Insurance Loans and Collections. No. 10 Cross St. East, at Depot, Ypsilanti. Mich.

FRANK JOSLYN, Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, Real Estate, Fire and Accident Insurance. Masonic Block, Depot.

JOHN P. KIRK, Attorney-at-Law. Rooms and 4, Bank Block.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Attorney-at-Law. Rooms and 4 Savings Bank Building, Ypsilanti, Mich.

J. H. WORTLEY, Notary Public. Real Estate. Life, and Fire Insurance. Office, 09 Pearl St.

TRACY L. TOWNER, Attorney-at-Law. Notary Public. Insurance. Rooms, 5 and 6 Savings Bank Building.

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C. W. HAYNES & SON, Notory Public, Pension and War Claim Attorney. Special attention in widows and minors claims. Room 11, Savings Bank Block.

BARBERS

FOR FIRST CLASS WORK IN THE LATEST Styles and most satisfactory manner call on Charles Seeger, the barber, 27 Huron St.

DENTISTS

JOHN VAN FOSSEN, D. D. S. Dental rooms over Densmore & Fell's clothing store, Union Block. Vitalized air, if desired.

Land's System of Dental Practice, 36 Adams Ave. West Detroit, Mich. 34-1y

PHYSICIANS.

DR. YEMANS, 103 Congress Street. Up stairs. Telephone No. 220.

P. W. CORNUE, M. D., Homeopathist and Surgeon. (late of Cook County Hospital Chicago) 119 Washington St. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m. New State Telephone, No. 136.

F. K. OWEN, M. D. Office and residence. 310 Adams St. Telephone No. 14. Office hours to 10 a. m., 5 to 7 p. m.

DR. THOMAS SHAW, 104 Adams St. Diseases of Women, and Chronic Complaints.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

"The Niagara Falls Route."

TIME TABLE—APRIL 1, 1900.

GOING EAST.

Night Express	*6:15 A. M
Atlantic Express	*8:00
Grand Rapids Ex	11:25
Mail	4:05 P. M
N. Y. and Boston Special	*5:13
N. Y. and East'n Ex.	* 9:58

GOING WEST.

Chicago Special	*9:10 A. M
Day Express	8:20
Chicago Express	*1:25 P. M
Grand Rapids Express	5:30
Chicago Night Express	*9:20
Pacific Express	*12:15

* Daily. Balance except Sunday.

Trains leave Jackson on the Saginaw Division going North at 7:00 a. m., 7:20 a. m., 11:15 a. m 4:40 p. m.

Trains arrive at Jackson on the Saginaw Division from the north at 10:55 a. m., 3:50 p m., 4:35 p. m., and 10:50 p. m.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Ag't, Chicago. B. M. DAMON, Ticket Agent

L. S. & M. S. R. R.

YPSILANTI BRANCH.

(April 1900.)

Freight. p.m.	Exp. a.m.	STATIONS.	Exp. p.m.	Freight p.m.
1 40	9 05	Ypsilanti.	4 55	12 05
2 03	9 19	Pittsfield Junctn.	4 36	11 40
2 25	9 27	Saline.	4 28	11 25
2 45	9 39	Bridgewater.	4 14	10 50
3 53	10 00	Manchester.	3 53	10 17
4 34	10 38	Brooklyn.	3 23	9 00
4 50	10 49	Woodstock.	3 11	8 43
5 00	10 55	Somerset.	3 05	8 33
5 20	11 07	Jerome.	2 53	8 15
5 39	11 18	North Adams.	2 43	8 02
6 00	11 35	Hillsdale.	2 25	7 40
a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	a. m
7 10	7 15	Chicago.	8 30	3 00
p.m.				p. m
9 50	2 3	Toledo.	10 35	6 55
a.m.			a. m.	p. m
7 40	5 40	Cleveland.	6 30	3 00
			p. m.	a. m
2 00	10 10	Buffalo.	12 40	7 55

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O. B. M. DAMON, Ticket Agent.

Express Daily Except Sunday.
Freight every day except Sunday.

TOLEDO ANN ARBOR & NORTH MICHIGAN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE,

In effect MARCH 23, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE ANN ARBOR

NORTH	SOUTH
No. 1..... 8 56 a.m.	*No. 6..... 7 25 a.m.
*No. 5.....12 30 p.m.	No. 2.....11 30 a.m.
No. 3..... 4 56 p.m.	No. 4..... 8 30 p.m.

*Run between Ann Arbor and Toledo only. All other trains daily except Sunday.

E. S. GILMORE, Agent, Ann Arbo
W. H. BENNETT, G. P. A., Toledo.

TIME TABLE.

DETROIT, YPSILANTI & ANN ARBOR RAILWAY.

Cars leave for Detroit and Ypsilanti every half hour, beginning at 7:15 a. m. until 7:45 p. m.; last car for Detroit, 11:10 p. m. Waiting room, Washington St.; Detroit, 111 Griswold Street.

In effect November 28, 1899.

Leave Ypsilanti	Leave Ypsi. Jnct.	Leave Saline
A. M.		A. M.
6:45		7:30
8:15		9:00
9:45		10:30
11:15		12:00
P. M.		P. M.
12:45		1:30
2:15		3:00
3:45		4:45
5:45		6:50
7:45		8:45
9:35		10:30
11:15		11:55

A special car will be run from Ypsilanti at 12:45 a. m. on the arrival of theopera car from Detroit, for special parties of ten or more, on hort notice and without extra charge.

Blood Troubles: Cancer, Scrofula, Old Sores, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Chronic Ulcers.

As the blood contains all the elements necessary to sustain life, it is important that it be kept free of all impurities, or it becomes a source of disease, poisoning instead of nourishing the body, and loss of health is sure to follow. Some poisons enter the blood from without, through the skin by absorption, or inoculation; others from within, as when waste products accumulate in the system and ferment, allowing disease germs to develop and be taken into the circulation. While all blood troubles have one common origin, each has some peculiarity to distinguish it from the other. Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism, Eczema and other blood diseases can be distinguished by a certain sore, ulcer, eruption or inflammation appearing on the skin. Every blood disease shows sooner or later on the outside and on the weakest part of the body, or where it finds the least resistance. Many mistake the sore or outward sign for the real disease, and attempt a cure by the use of salves, liniments and other external applications. Valuable time is lost and no permanent benefit derived from such treatment.

BLOOD TROUBLES REQUIRE BLOOD REMEDIES; the poison must be completely and permanently eradicated—the blood reinforced, purified and cleansed, or the disease goes deeper and saps the very life. Mercury, potash and arsenic, the treatment usually prescribed in this class of diseases, are violent poisons, even when taken in small doses—never cure, but do much harm by adding another poison to the already overburdened, diseased blood.

SSS

S. S. S., Nature's own remedy, made of roots and herbs, attacks the disease in the blood, antidotes and forces out all impurities, makes weak, thin blood rich, strong and healthy, and at the same time builds up the general health. S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known, and the only one that can reach deep-seated blood troubles. A record of 50 years of successful cures proves it to be a reliable, unfailing specific for all blood and skin troubles.

Free Medical Treatment.—Our Medical Department is in charge of skilled physicians, who have made blood and skin diseases a life study, so if you have Contagious Blood Poison, Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Eczema, an Old Sore or Ulcer, or any similar blood trouble, write them fully for advice about your case. All correspondence is conducted in strictest confidence. We make no charge for this service. Book on blood and skin diseases free. **SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.**

Frank Smith & Son

Have advertised 1001 thnigs. They think it too many to keep and contemplate some change in the character of their stock and offer about 1000 of them at special prices for a short time. It includes everything in the line of Tiolet and Fancy Goods, Albums, Bibles, Prayer Books, Fountain Pens, Pacho Books, Cutlery and many other lines. Our stock of Wall Paper was never better. New Goods and cheap. Our Prescription work is carefully looked after and all prices as cheap as can be afforded. Please call.

FRANK SMITH & SONS.

Why bother to do your

Lce Curt ins

At home when the

WHITE LAUNDRY

Will do them like new for 15c each.

16 Huron St.

Rear End Collision!

Terrible Wreck, but no Lives Lost.

Quite recently we ran into the rear end of our store, going through our whole stock

Completely Telescoping Prices,

Utterly wrecking the credit system, coming out at the front with no loss of life, but with

Everything Marked Down to a Cash Basis.

And are now prepared to make the purchase of Groceries a pleasure to cash buyers. Call or phone 123.

Amerman & Scott.

Both Phones 123. - 228 Congress St.

House for Sale or Rent.

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the 28th day of September, in the year one thousand and nine hundred. Present, H. Wirt Newkirk Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Edward Batwell, deceased.

Alexander A. Boutell, the administrator of said estate, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render his final account as such administrator.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday, the 29th day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court then to be holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed.

And it is further ordered, that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in The Ypsilanti Commercial, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

[A true copy.]

H. WIRT NEWKIRK, Judge of Probate.

P. J. LEHMAN, Probate Register. 30-4

Mortgage Sale.

By a mortgage bearing date the 25th day of January, 1897 and recorded the 27th day of January, 1897, in liber 95 of mortgages on page 344 in the office of Register of Deeds for the county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, the Ypsilanti Opera House Company (a corporation organized under the laws of the state of Michigan) of Ypsilanti, Michigan, mortgaged to C. E. King, Samuel Post and D. L. Quirk, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, all those certain pieces or parcels of land situate and being in the city of Ypsilanti in the county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to wit:

The north twenty-five feet in width of lot seventy-eight, Original Plat of the Village (now City) of Ypsilanti. Also that parcel of land described as commencing at a point in the north line of lot number 79, Original Plat of the Village (now City) of Ypsilanti, fifty feet easterly from the northwest corner of said lot; running thence easterly on the north line of said lot and lot eighty, thirty-two feet from the starting point; thence south parallel with the east line of lot seventy nine, twenty feet; thence west parallel with said north line thirty-two feet; thence north parallel with the east line of said lot seventy-nine, twenty feet more or less to the place of beginning.

Also commencing sixty feet north of the south west corner of lot seventy-nine, Original Plat of the Village (now City) of Ypsilanti and in the west line of said lot; running thence north on said west line one hundred and five feet to the north line of said lot; thence east on said north line fifty feet; thence south parallel to the east line of said lot one hundred and five feet to the north line of land deeded by A. L. Nowlin and wife to Emery R. Beal, April 1, 1895; thence west along said north line to the place of beginning; also all rights that were reserved by said A. L. Nowlin and wife in said deed to Beal as to right of way from Congress street to the lands above described. Intending hereby to mortgage the entire Opera House property in the City of Ypsilanti, said mortgage being made in accordance with a resolution of the Board of Directors of said Ypsilanti Opera House Company, made on the 25th day of January, 1897. The amount claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal, interest and an attorney fee provided for in said mortgage and by statute, is the sum of seven thousand, four hundred sixty-three (7,463 00) dollars.

Default having occurred in the conditions of said mortgage by which the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted to recover the debt thereby secured, or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on Friday the twenty-eighth day of December, 1900, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the east front door of the Court House in the city of Ann Arbor, Washtenaw county, Michigan, said Court House being the place of holding the circuit court within said county.

Dated September 25, 1900.

C. E. KING
SAMUEL POST
D. L. QUIRK
Mortgagees.

TRACY L. TOWNER, Ypsilanti, Mich, Attorney for Mortgagees.
29w13

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said county, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of John Nagel, late of said County, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of John P. Kirk, in the City of Ypsilanti, in said County, on Saturday, the 29th day of December, and on Friday, the 29th day of March next, at ten o'clock A. M., of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, September 29, 1900.

JOHN P. KIRK,
RAPHAEL KOPP.
COMMISSIONERS.
30

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Friday, the 28th day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred.

Present, H. Wirt Newkirk, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the Estate of Mary E. Batwell, deceased.

Alexander A. Boutell, administrator of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represent that he is now prepared to render his final account as such administrator.

Thereupon it is ordered. That Monday, the 29th day of Oct. next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account and that the devisees, legatees and heirs-at-law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be allowed.

And it is further ordered.

That said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Ypsilanti Commercial, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

H. WIRT NEWKIRK
Judge of Probate.

(A true copy.)

P. J. LEHMAN, Probate Register. 30w4

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

Peculiar Ways In Which It Causes a Young Woman to Act.

Did you ever have a chance to observe, unobserved, a young woman's conduct toward her newly acquired engagement ring?

It feels so strange upon her hand that she cannot refrain from examining it a dozen times an hour, always, however, on the sly. On the first night she sits up an hour later than usual to admire it boldly in the seclusion of her own apartment. A frequent kiss is administered to the shining band and its glittering gem, and during the night she dreams that it has fallen into a stream and awakes clutching the finger to assure herself that the precious pledge is still secure.

Then, on the following day, she wears it only in secret, taking care to transfer it to her pocket at table and when in the company of intimates, but place her among strangers or among casual acquaintances who cannot be inquisitive, and how bravely will she flaunt the token before their eyes, as one who should say:

"I may not be the loveliest creature in the world, but you will observe that I have landed my fish."

Gradually it assumes its place in her daily life, and her blushes grow less violent with each succeeding explanation of its significance and each extravagant description of its donor's attributes. But before it finally becomes a part of herself, as it were, she must, of course, leave it a dozen times at least upon the washstand and suffer in consequence a dozen violent attacks of palpitation of the heart until it is recovered.—London Answers.

THEY DYE THEIR SCALPS.

For Beauty After the Head Has Been Shaved Perfectly Smooth.

A French explorer has discovered the vainest people in the world. By a curious coincidence they happen to be also the ugliest. They are the Pahouins, a savage tribe of the western coast of Africa. The main occupation of these people is the adornment of their persons. As the Pahouin's clothing is of so light a character as not to incommode him he bestows a good share of his thought upon the adornment of his body, which he tattoos in elaborate designs done in red or blue. Or a more fanciful effect is obtained by tattooing in relief by injecting underneath the skin the juice of a plant which produces a permanent swelling. Sometimes the face and body are also tinted with a dye, red being the color most in demand.

The same methods are used in adorning the face, especial attention being given to the nose. Many of the Pahouins after tattooing or painting their noses pierce them with long, slender bones. Others after piercing the nose attach to it a string of colored pearls. Both men and women concentrate their efforts on their hair. Their ingenuity, which is shown in the construction of scores of different headdresses of bone and metal for the men of the tribe, chiefly the warriors, is illustrated in a far greater degree by the coiffures of the women.

The extreme of simplicity in the Pahouin women's method in making themselves beautiful is to shave the head till it is smooth and round as a ball and then to color it with a dye.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Addressed the Jury.

A man who had never seen the inside of a courtroom until he was introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of the Scottish courts, on being sworn took a position with his back to the jury and began telling the story to the judge.

The judge, in a bland and courteous manner, said:

"Address yourself to the jury, sir."

The man made a short pause, but, notwithstanding what had been said to him, continued his narrative.

The judge was then more explicit and said to him: "Speak to the jury, sir, the men sitting behind you on the benches."

The witness at once turned around and making an awkward bow said with perfect gravity:

"Good morning, gentlemen."—Buffalo Courier.

A Catalogue.

"Miss Mary," said the sable maiden, "we 'spect to have an en'tainment at our chu'ch nex' week, and I got to speak a piece. I was jest goin to ast you if you had a book with some ob them pieces in?"

"Why, yes, Dora, I have a book of recitations. What kind of a piece do you want?"

"Well, I was thinkin ob somep'n in de nature ob a catalogue."

"A what?"

"A catalogue—you know, a piece with one person a-talkin and 'nother one answerin 'em back. Has you got a piece like dat? I'd like it fust rate."—New York Tribune.

A Secret of Youth.

One night at a reception which Senator Beveridge and I attended soon after his election the hostess said in mock surprise:

"Are you Senator Beveridge, the senator from Indiana?"

The senator bowed modestly.

"It hardly seems possible. Why, you are a mere beardless youth!"

"Madam," replied Mr. Beveridge without a smile, "I shave."—Saturday Evening Post.

Paraguay Tea.

When the yerba mate, or native tea of Paraguay, is cultivated, the seeds are treated to an acid bath before planting. This softens the hard shell which surrounds the kernel of the seeds and enables them to sprout in three or four months. If planted in their natural state, it requires three or four years for the seeds to germinate.

TIME'S FLIGHT.

The years rush on at headlong pace;
Months, weeks and moments fly;
'Tis like some silent footed race
Where time still swifter sets the pace
And I look on and sigh.

But yesterday my hair was black,
And thick and curly too;
Today it shows a painful lack;
Alas, I cannot call it back
Nor change its ashen hue!

But yesterday my eyes were bright,
My waist was slim and neat;
Strong glasses now must aid my sight;
My slender girth has taken flight;
I rarely see my feet!

But yesterday my baby Jim
Stood half a yard, all told.
Today he's six feet tall and trim;
I know that I look up to him;
Alas, I'm getting old!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Moving Sidewalk

A Romance of the Paris Exposition.

BY S. BOUCHERITS.

"The Company of the Southeast has the honor to inform its many patrons and the public in general that during the holidays of Whitsuntide it will issue from all points along its line return tickets to Paris, good from Friday, May 25, to Monday, June 4, inclusive."

Having read the above advertisement in the morning paper of Chantenay-lez-Vaucluse, where he resided, M. Maruis Cambois, the son and successor of a worthy father in the silk and wool business, began to figure up half aloud in the silence of his private office the cost of the trip to Paris for himself, his wife and his charming daughter, Mlle. Eugenie. Three first class tickets, 234 francs and 90 centimes; with incidental expenses, 250 francs; charge for lodgings, "for when I go to Paris," remarked M. Cambois, "I usually pay 4 francs a day, but of course during an exposition the Parisians must grow rich at the expense of the visiting strangers." So, with a deep sigh, M. Maruis Cambois dotted down 6 francs as the price per day for a room. Three persons, 18 francs—20 with attendance—therefore for nine days 180 francs. So much more for meals, carriages, theaters, etc. Total, 790, with incidentals, about 800 or 900 francs, perhaps 1,000.

Yes, the trip was quite possible, and the kind hearted merchant began to enjoy in advance the pleasure which he knew his estimable wife Elise and his charming daughter Eugenie would take in this visit to Paris and the wonderful sights of the great exposition. Indeed, since Eugenie was 7 years old he had promised her a trip to Paris, and now that she was 21 he determined the promise should be fulfilled. Besides, the year had been an unusually prosperous one, for the new silks received from the house of Legeay & Co. of Lyons had sold remarkably well and during the first five months of the sale had brought him almost an ordinary year's profit. Hence he could well afford the expense of the journey, and without further reflection M. Cambois opened the door of his private office, which communicated with his residence, and announced to the surprised Elise and Eugenie a trip to Paris. "Pack your trunks immediately," said he in his good natured way, "for we shall start on the 25th for the exposition."

Two exclamations of joy greeted this announcement, and Mme. and Mlle. Cambois began at once their preparations for the journey. M. Cambois simply boasted when he said, "When I go to Paris," for, as a matter of fact, he had visited the capital but once in 15 years. Traveling was not the particular forte of M. Cambois, and, on seeing him, one easily understood the reason why. Burdened with an obesity which was almost unbearable, he had long ago said farewell to his feet, which at present he could only view in his mirror, and if he was not a distinguished member of the "Cent Kilos society" it was simply because the "Cent Kilos" had no branch at Chantenay. Usually, however, the people of southern France are extremely thin, but M. Cambois was an exception to this general rule. Hence when there was question of putting his enormous body in movement he hesitated long before making up his mind to do so, and in the present instance only his tender affection for his wife and daughter and his great desire to afford them pleasure induced him to undertake this journey to the exposition.

Mme. Cambois presented a striking contrast to her worthy husband, for she was as thin, small and delicate as he was round and heavy, while her shrinking, timid and reserved manners were directly opposed to the expansive and noisy ensemble of M. Cambois. In Chantenay they were laughingly referred to as "the cask and its faucet," an innocent pleasantry which did not prevent them from being greatly esteemed, for Cambois pere was held in high regard by his brother merchants.

The lovely Eugenie, their daughter, united in her own charming person the physical strength of her father with the delicate gracefulness of her mother. Her figure was simply perfect in its Tribylike proportions and would have satisfied the most fastidious sculptor. Add to this an extremely pretty face crowned by a wealth of golden hair, large, expressive dark eyes, a rosebud mouth whose smile disclosed a superb set of teeth, and you have a picture of the "beauty of Chantenay-lez-Vaucluse," a title which was bestowed upon Eugenie by her friends and admirers.

It is a great occurrence to trave' when one is not accustomed to do s[illegible] hence the departure of the expans[illegible] M. Cambois for Paris was attende[illegible] unusual excitement, and until the [illegible] last moment, notwithstanding t[illegible] hortations of his wife and dau[illegible] be calm, M. Cambois remaine[illegible]

The Commercial.

FOUNDED MARCH 11, 1864.

A. W. MUNRO, - - Editor

Subscription, one year, in advance, $1.
Advertising rates may be had on application.
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING of all kinds executed in first-class style at reasonable prices.

PATRONS OF THIS PAPER HAVING PROBATE ORDERS TO PUBLISH, WILL CONFER A FAVOR ON THE COMMERCIAL BY REQUESTING THE PROBATE JUDGE OR REGISTER TO SEND THEM TO THIS OFFICE.

Entered at the Postoffice at Ypsilanti, Mich. as Second-Class Mail Matter.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1900.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET

For President,
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,
of Nebraska.

For Vice-President,
ADLAI EWING STEVENSON,
of Illinois.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
WM. C. MAYBURY,
of Wayne.

For Lieutenant Governor,
J. G. RAMSDELL,
of Grand Traverse.

For Secretary of State,
JOHN W. EWING,
of Eaton.

For State Treasurer,
CHARLES F. SUNDSTRUM,
of Marquette.

For Auditor General,
HIRAM B. HUDSON,
of Antrim.

For Attorney General,
JAMES O'HARA,
of St. Joseph.

For Commissioner of State Land Office,
GEORGE WINANS,
of Livingston.

For Supt. of Public Instruction,
STEPHEN H. LANGDON,
of Monroe.

For Member State Board of Education,
DR. JAMES McENTEE,
of Isabella.

For Congress.
M. G. LOENNECKER.
of Jackson.

COUNTY TICKET

For Judge of Probate,
WILLIS L. WATKINS
Of Manchester.

For Sheriff,
JOHN GILLEN,
Of Saline.

For County Clerk,
PHILIP BLUM, JR.,
Of Lodi.

For Register of Deeds
CLIFFORD R. HUSTON
Of Ypsilanti.

For Prosecuting Attorney,
JOHN L. DUFFY,
Of Ann Arbor.

For Treasurer.
GEORGE J. MANN
Of Ann Arbor.

For Circuit Court Commissioners,
WILLIAM H. MURRAY.
Of Ann Arbor.
FRANK JOCLYN,
Of Ypsilanti.

For Coroners,
BENJAMIN F. WATTS,
Of Ann Arbor.
DR. CHRISTIAN KAPP,
Of Manchester.

For Surveyor,
DORCY HOPPE,
Of Sylvan.

A STRONG CANDIDATE.

Martin G. Loennecker, Democratic candidate for congressss of this district, first entered public life in 1886 when he was induced by his friends to allow his name to be placed on the Democratic ticket as candidate for Alderman of the second ward in the city of Jackson. This resulted in his election, although the ward was and is now over a hundred Republican.

As chairman of the committee on ways and means he found that the city had practically no system of bookkeeping and he recovered several large sums of money unlawfully withheld from the city. Under his directions a complete system of bookkeeping was introduced. Since then Mr. Loennecker has been elected five times Mayor of Jackson with increasing majorities, in 1899 with a majority of 865.

For over ten years he has edited a paper in which he was interested and which was made the county organ of the Patrons of Industry and later the State organ of the Farmers Alliance. He is considered one of the most active, earnest and reliable business men of the City of Jackson. While he tells no funny stories he discusses a lot of hard facts and propositions in a pleasing manner.

Above all his record as Mayor for five terms shows that he is an untiring worker for his constituents. The first year he was elected Mayor he founded a City Hospital by public subscription. Later he introduced electric lighting, inaugurated the paving of all business streets, built miles of cement sidewalks, induced the Michigan Central R. R. Co. to build a vioduct over its numerous tracks and got an appropriation from the State of $15,000 to improve Grand River. Notwithstanding the fact that he raised the pay of the street laborers in Jackson from $1.25 to $1.50 per day, more work was accomplished and more bonds were paid off during his administration than by any of his predecessors and above all he lowered the rate of city taxes against strong opposition in the council.

It is such a man the second district should have for representative; honest and fearless and an able and judicious worker.

TIME IS LIFE

The father? Gone for the doctor. The mother? Alone with her suffering child. Will the doctor never come? When there is croup in the house you can't get the doctor quick enough. It's too dangerous to wait. Don't make such a mistake again; it may cost a life. Always keep on hand a dollar bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

It cures the croup at once. Then when any one in the family comes down with a hard cold or cough a few doses of the Pectoral will cut short the attack at once. A 25 cent bottle will cure a miserable cold; the 50c. size is better for a cold that has been hanging on.

Keep the dollar size on hand.

"About 25 years ago I came near dying with consumption, but was cured with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, since which time I have kept Ayer's medicines in the house and recommend them to all my friends."
C. D. MATHEWSON,
Jan. 16, 1899. Bristol, Vt.

Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice, write the doctor freely. Address
Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

WHY THE CHANGE?

On March 24, 1900, the Star of this city had the following to say in regard to Mayor Loennecker:

Now that Mayor Loennecker is not a candidate for re-election, it is safe to say that men of all political parties feel free to say he has made an excellent mayor. His head has always been level and his insistence upon economy and law taxation has borne fruits. For years he has labored for the dyking of that filthy sewer, Grand river, and it now looks as though this would crown the closing act of his administration—if the people vote as they should at the coming election. If the next mayor, whosoever he may be, shall fill Mayor Loennecker's shoes there will be no room for unfavorable criticism.

The Star is now supporting Mr. Smith for congress. "If the people vote as they should" Mr. Loennecker will be in congress next session. The Grand river improvement alluded to in the above article is now provided for, and it was through the unceasing efforts of Mayor Loennecker that the state appropriated $15,000. It is such men that we want to represent the second district in congress, to accomplish a number of necessary improvements in this district by the national government which have been repeatedly promised by the Republican congressmen, but not pushed with enough perseverance to bring success. —Jackson Industrial News.

If Bobs keeps on putting down the Boer war, he will soon win more laurels than the British Empire is able to furnish. He should be content to follow Gen. Otis' prescription and end the war not more than a hundred times.

The Republicans down south are not as good friends to the colored people as the Democrats are. They have little use for them except when election time rolls around. The colored people go to their old Democratic masters to get help in time of need. Any man who has been in the south will tell you this is true. And just now, when Roosevelt, in making his tour across the continent, has visited Kentucky, has brought out a situation that upsets the howl raised against Bryan in regard to the treatment of colored people by the Democrats in certain southern states. At Lexington, in Kentucky, about 200 colored citizens had provided themselves with khaki rough rider uniform, for the particular purpose of participating in the Roosevelt parade. When they assembled for orders they were notified by the Republican management that they would not be permitted to march in the same column with the white men—with the white republicans, if you please. Then they got angry and disbanded. What do our Republican friends in Michigan who are abusing Bryan think of that? After they had gone to the trouble of organizing and securing their khaki uniforms and arraying themselves in rough rider costumes, it was the Republican management that refused to permit the colored Republicans of Kentucky to march in the same column with the white Republicans of Kentucky in a reception to Roosevelt. There is no doubt whatever about the truth of this story. It comes from the most reliable sources.

Washington is deserted at present, thousand of Republican government clerks having gone home to register in consequence of official intimations that such a course would be advisable Later they will go again to vote. Democratic clerks, however, on applying for leave, find that their "services cannot be spared" at present.

Mr. Marburg, one of the tobacco trust magnates, has announced in a public speech under Republican auspices, that the trusts have come to stay and that there will be no further use for the commercial traveler. Perhaps Mr. Marburg may find himself mistaken if Bryan is elected. Of course, if McKinley wins nothing else is to be expected.

Republicans admit that the tremendous registration in New York shows either that they are going to win by an increased majority, or that there is to be a landslide that will knock spots out of them. As nobody has the faintest expectation that the Republican majority in New York will be increased, the other thing must be true.

Postmaster-General says that the Republicans will win in West Virginia by eight or ten thousand majority. This announcement was preceded a few days ago by a conservative estimate that eight or ten thousand Virginia and Carolina negros had been colonized in West Virginia.

The total British losses in the Boer war to date are officially stated at about 40,000 men, of whom three fourths have been sent home as invalids and the other fourth have died from one cause or another. Pretty expensive fighting, considering everything, wasn't it?

Mr. Hanna has sent out instructions to the Republican spellbinders to keep Cuba out of politics. Trusts, imperialism, plain duty and Neely are now on the non-existent list. If this goes on, silver will soon be the only thing that is left—and until recently that was said to be dead.

Of course there was a good deal of organization about the Bryan welcome in New York the other night. But nevertheless, it was clearly evident that something more than organization was there. A note of spontanity was most conspicuous.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Bryan is not a calamity candidate In fact, the shoe is on the other foot. The McKinley managers are trying to win by means of deliberate threats to throw the country into a panic and cause a business crisis if Bryan wins. Their whole campaign is based upon intimidation and corruption.

The president says that although he confirmed the treaty with Sulu he does not recognize its provisions. By what authority then, Mr. McKinley, do you pay the salary of the harem-keeper of the Sultan?

The trusts all declare that the have lost money this year. This may go with the public, but Mark Hanna won't be fooled by any such hard luck excuses when he comes round with the hat.

It is lucky for the Republicans that election day is near at hand. If Mark Hanna and Teddy Roosevelt had time to tour the entire country McKinley's defeat would be absolutely certain.

Sir Thomas Lipton has challenged for America's cup and has engineered a corner in pork at the same time on the side. He needs one to enable him to pay for the other.

Well, well, wonders will never cease. A man has been killed in a duel in France and a French aeronaut has broken the record instead of his neck.

By the way, will some one tell us whether or not Dewey has registered. For a would-be candidate he is keeping strangely in the background.

It's only a few weeks until ten out of the eleven presidential candidates will painfully expire, and then—the fireworks.

Shortly before the nomination of Martin G. Loennecker for Congress, the Grass Lake News, which is independent in politics, in speaking about his possible nomination said: "Mayor Loennecker during his long political career has never been beaten, he is confessedly the most popular German-American in Michigan, and to a pure and absolutely spotless life he adds a personal dignity and winning presence that will make a most favorable impression on the voters of the district.

ROBBED THE GRAVE.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately a friend advised me trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at Morford & Hyzer's Drug Store.

How to Use Lemon Juice.

Lemon juice is the most healthful acid for the system, but an authority says that it should not be taken in its natural state, as it is too strong for the stomach. A good way to prepare lemons is to take two dozen and roll each one separately on a smooth, hard surface until it is quite soft; then cut off the end and with a dull knife scrape out all the juice and pulp. Strain this carefully through a thin cloth; then make the juice almost thick with sugar, bottle in glass, using a cork stopper, and stand in a cool place. It will keep a long time, and to make a glass of fresh lemonade you have only to put in a tumbler of cold water enough of the sugared acid to suit the taste.

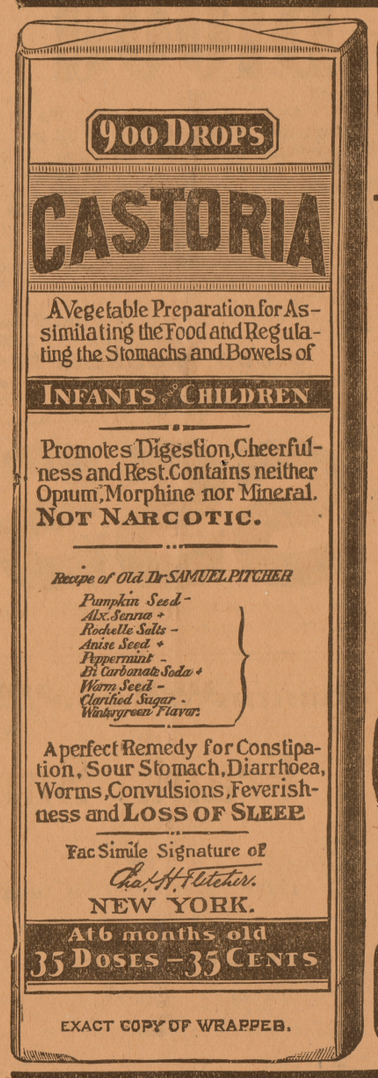
Meats of the Future.

The practical chemist of Philadelphia looks to the speedy solution of a problem upon which men of his profession are engaged the world over—the reproduction of meats for the table from their chemica constituents. "Within this century," he says, "I expect to see synthetic steaks, roasts and chops entered upon the bill of fare at our leading hotels and restaurants, and they will be be prepared so artistically as to appeal to the sense of beauty as well as to the appetite. At first, of course, in order to appease the natural prejudices against anything so novel, a choice will be afforded between the real and the artificial; but eventually the killing of animals for food will be regarded in all civilized countries as barbarous. That this is not an absurd prediction is well assured to those who have observed what synthetic chemistry have already done in exactly reproducing mustard, sugar, butter, ice, lemon juice and flavoring essences; besides madder, turpentine and many other compounds used extensively in commerce."—Philadelphia Record.

Your blood goes through your body with jumps and bounds, carrying warmth and active life to every part of your body, if you take Rocky Mountain Tea. Ask your druggist.

JOB COULDN'T HAVE STOOD IT

If he'd had Itching Piles. They're terribly annoying; but Bucklen's Arnica Salve will cure the worst case of Piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For Injuries, Pains or Bodily Eruptions it's the best salve in the world. Price 25c. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by, Morford & Hyzer druggist.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH

Better than a Piano, Organ, or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays, and don't cost as much. It reproduces the music of any instrument—band or orchestra—tells stories and sings—the old familiar hymns as well as the popular songs—it is always ready. See that Mr. Edison's signature is on every machine. Catalogues of all dealers, or NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Lie Eternal.

A little girl came in her nightclothes very early to her mother one morning, saying, "Which is the worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?" The mother replied that both were so sad she couldn't tell which was worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it, and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."—New York Tribune.

So It Does.

An old gentleman when passing a little boy selling newspapers at a street corner remarked:

"Are you not afraid you will catch cold on such a wet night, my little man?"

"Oh, no," replied the boy; "selling newspapers keeps up the circulation, sir."

A rich man is an honest man, no thanks to him, for he would be a double knave to cheat mankind when he had no need of it.—Daniel Defoe.

Fools are made out of all kinds of cloth, but the lining is always the same —cheap.—Atchison Globe.

BISMARCK'S IRON NERVE.

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c. at Morford & Hyzer's drugstore.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought Chas. H. Fletcher.

MANDOLIN AND GUITAR.

Those who have found the mandolin or guitar difficult, or are limited for time and would like a shorter or easier method, please write to

MARY E. GRIEVE,
911 Washington St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

$3 A DAY SURE

Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.

THE FRANKLIN SOAP CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Not from "factory to fireside," but samples from the Furniture Exposition at less than manufacturers prices.

10 Catalogs—*One or all for the asking*

Sample Furniture Company
Retailers of Sample Furniture
Lyon, Pearl and Ottawa Streets
Grand Rapids, Michigan

JELL-O THE NEW DESERT,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it to-day.

WESTERN RATES REDUCED.

Greatly reduced one-way and round trip second class rates will be in effect from Chicago via WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILWAY, to points in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia each Tuesday during October and November.

For detailed information inquire of nearest ticket agent, or address

JAS. C. POND, Gen'l Pass. Agent,
32w6 Milwaukee, Wis.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

The Board of Registration for the city of Ypsilanti will meet in the several wards at places named below, Friday and Saturday Nov 2nd and 3rd 1900, and will remain in session from 8 o'clock a. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. (standard time.) Every qualified elector in the city is required to register his name at this time, notwithstanding any previous registration First ward, Huston & Dawson's store; Second ward. C. L. Yost's store No. 20 Huron street; Third ward, at Council Hall, Cross street; Fourth ward, at old Hose House, River street; Fifth ward, at Schaads' store, E. Congress street.

JAMES E. MCGREGOR,
CITY CLERK.

FOUND.

A satchel containing valuable articles. Call at The Commercial office.

ANN ARBOR R. R. SLEEPING CAR SERVICE TO BE DISCONTINUED

Sleeping car service between Toledo and Frankfort, Mich., will be discontinued Nov. 3. It will be resumed about May 1st, 1901.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought Chas. H. Fletcher.

REDUCED RATES TO CHICAGO—LAKE SHORE.

Account of the Horse Show, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Rail Road will sell tickets on Oct. 28, 30 and Nov. 1 to Chicago and return at one and one-third fare for round trip, good for return until Nov. 5th inclusive. 33w1

BUCHANAN, MICH, MAY 22.
Genessee Pure Food Co., LeRoy, N. Y.:
Gentlemen:—My mama has been a great coffee drinker and has found it very injurious. Having used several packages of your GRAIN-O, the drink that takes the place of coffee, she finds it much better for herself and for us children to drink. She has given up coffee drinking entirely. We use a package every week, I am ten years old. Yours respectfully.
Fannie Williams.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DESERT?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious desert. Prepared in two minutes. No baking! add hot water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

ROYAL

The Absolutely Pure

BAKING-POWDER

is the baking powder of general use, its sale exceeding that of all other baking powders combined.

Royal Baking Powder has not its counterpart at home or abroad. Its qualities, which make the bread more healthful and the cake of finer appearance and flavor, are peculiar to itself and are not constituent in other leavening agents.

Great efforts are made to sell alum baking powders under the plea that they are so many cents a pound cheaper than Royal. The admission that they are cheaper made is an admission that they are inferior. But alum powders contain a corrosive poison and should not be used in food, no matter how cheap.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Local News.

A. L. Nowlan of Detroit was in the city Friday.

Mrs. Fannie Allen of Saline has moved to Ypsilanti.

Miss Lottie Banks of Homer is visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. John Platten is visiting relatives in Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. E. R. Phoenix, who was formerly located here, is in the city.

Ward Swift, formerly of this city, died at Argyle, Minn., last Friday night.

William Johnson of Baltimore is visiting his daughter, Mrs. F. I. Carpenter.

Born, Saturday, October 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wier, of Prospect street, a boy.

Rev. Allison, assistant in Ann Arbor Episcopal church, preached in St. Luke's Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Post are in Boston, Mass., visiting their grandson, Chandler Post.

Aretus A Bedell has commenced a suit for $20,000 against the D. Y. & A. A. Ry. for the death of his father.

Henry Fletcher Campbell, who lived near Tuttle Hill, died Sunday morning, aged 22 years. The funeral occurred Wednesday afternoon.

Deputy Game Warden Ike Davis says he has his eye on a number who are violating the game laws, and that there will be some arrests soon.

In the football game Saturday morning between the Central High School of Detroit and the Ypsilanti high school, Detroit won by a score of 29 to 6.

Michael O'Brien found a bicycle and a man's hat lying in the alley back of his residence last Sunday, and he has not yet been able to locate the owner.

The Athletic association of the Cleary College has been organized with the following officers: President, J. H. Johnson; vice-president, M. E Benedict; secretary, P. R. Cleary; treasurer, F. O. Austin.

Miss Clara E. Davis, a graduate of the Cleary Business college, is supplying a vacancy in the freight department of the Michigan Central railroad, this city, during the absence of the regular stenographer, Miss Mabel Rose, who is taking a month's vacation.

You are invited to the First Presbyterian church next Sunday, if not going elsewhere. Morning worship at 10:30 with sermon on "The Disciples Unknown Friend;" evening worship at 7:30, with sermon on "Christianity and Imperialism;" Sunday School 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 in the evening; the peoples' service, Wednesday evening 7:30.

The most exciting political debate which has occurred in Ypsilanti for several presidential campaigns took place yesterday between Dick Whiting and Frank Ostrander. Dick is an ardent McKinleyite and Frank an equally devoted disciple of the free silver orator; and royally did they argue for their respective favorites. The issue was a tie, as the orators lost their temper and walked away in different directions, casting apersins upon each other's intellectual attainments.—Argus.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Miss Anna Faust of Willis has entered Cleary College.

Contractor Kneal of Lansing was in the city Monday.

Mrs. J. M. Harris of Windsor, Ont., is stopping at the sanitarium.

Mrs. Allen Newton of Dunallen, New Jersey, is visiting friends in the city.

The Huron street book store has been closed and the stock removed from the city.

The Merry Times Pedro club held a meeting at the Ladies' Library Monday evening.

Fifty-three students will receive diplomas at the Cleary business college tomorrow evening.

A. F. Jones has been elected captain of the Normal football team in place of Ward Wood, who was drowned.

Earl Rice of the Normal has been appointed a member of the executive board of the Michigan Oratorical League.

M. B Staughton, a graduate of Cleary College, has accepted a position with the Craig Ship Building Co. of Toledo.

Mrs. John L. Rees and Miss Harry Jones of Houghton are visiting at the home of Mrs. P. R. Cleary, Forest avenue.

Mrs. Seth Mereness has returned from Cleveland, accompanied by her mother, who will make an extended visit in the city.

The ladies of the Baptist church will serve their monthly supper, Thursday, Oct. 25, from 5 to 7 o'clock. Supper 10c. All are invited.

It its list of new members of the Society of Mayflower Descendents in the Tribune's genealogical column are the names of Mark Vining and Mrs. William Webster of this city.

The Ypsilanti lodge degree team conferred the third degree upon Hugh Titus Monday evening, in the Phoenix lodge rooms. Following the work a banquet was served.

Company L will give a dancing party in the armory Thursday evening, Nov. 1. The committee in charge is George Howard, Wilbur Tuttle, Frank Cox, Peter Morgan, and John Bennett.

The D. A. R. entertained the Ann Ann Arbor Chapter Friday evening, at the home of Miss Putnum of Forest avenue. Costumes, decorations, music and refreshments were all colonial.

Menu for the 15 cent supper at the church house Saturday night will be:

Cold Ham	Warm Potatoes
Pickles	Baked Apples
Brown and White Bread	
Doughnuts	Tea and Coffee

Prof. Cleary extends a cordial invitation to the people of Ypsilanti and vicinity to attend the 27th commencement exercises of the college, on Friday evening of this week. Hon. Milo D. Campbell, president state tax commission, will deliver the address, and a good musical program will be rendered.

If you want to drive away the blues and enjoy yourself go and see Miss Helen Bovee, hypnotist, Thursday evening, Oct, 25, at Ypsilanti opera house. Miss Bovee has been playing to crowded houses in almost every city that she has appeared in this season. This is a special engagement for three nights, the management having to guarantee Miss Bovee to induce her to fill this engagement. The prices are only 25 and 15 cents. This entertainment is especially adapted for ladies and children. You cannot find a better place for two hours of solid fun.

Mrs. Eliza Cornwell has returned from an extended stay at Martha's Vineyard.

The Pi Kappa Sigma sorority of the Normal gave a reception in the gymnasium Saturday afternoon.

Prof. Trueblood of Ann Arbor will give a reading in Normal hall, Saturday evening, October 27.

Principal and Mrs. A. E. Lyman have gone to Linn county, Kansas, where they will remain until November 20.

The O. N. O. club met Saturday evening at the home of Miss Sadie Campbell, corner of Buffalo and Washington streets.

No trace has been obtained of the thieves who burglarized the dry goods store of Trim & McGregor last Wednesday night.

The Chequamegon orchestra of Ann Arbor and the Conservatory Boys' Quartet will furnish the music at the Cleary College commencement tomorrow evening.

City Marshal Cremer has moved his office across the hall in the Bank building and now has a fine office fronting on Huron street.

George Hammond is being sued in Detroit by the Maine Mile Track association on a note for $1,000. Hammond's defense is that it is not a legal debt.

The meeting of the colored Republican club this week was well attended. Speeches were made by Charles Shoeman of Ann Arbor and Fred Merchant of this city.

The Friday Whist club have purchased two pins, which they will give out at the close of each meeting to the two having top scores The trophies are being worn this week by Miss Helen Post and Miss L. S. Spencer.

Benjamin Follett, a former Ypsilanti resident died at El Paso, Tex., October 16, at the age of 46 years. Mr. Follett was the son of Benjamin Follett, one of Ypsilanti's most prominent citizens in earlier years, and is well remembered in the city. He leaves a wife and three sons in Chicago.

James Rideout was arrested at Ann Arbor Monday and brought before Justice Joslyn on the charge of having committed an assault and battery on a Mrs. Hardy last Friday night. He will have his hearing today. Mrs. Hardy has her face covered with patches, showing that she was in the fracas all right.

P. W. Shute is in Manchester, endeavoring to secure from the common council a franchise to light the city with acetylene gas. The council has referred the matter to the ctty attorney, and all indications are that the petition will be granted Mr. Shute has already been granted a similar franchise by Saline.—Times.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church will serve a hot supper in the dining room of the church from 5:30 to 7 o'clock. on Friday evening of this week. The supper will be followed by an organ recital at 7:30, in the church. Prof. Archer of Detroit will be the organist of the evening, and the vocal program will be given by Mrs. Miller of Toledo, Miss Stevens and Miss Coombs. Only 25 cents is asked for the whole entertainment.

Saturday evening, Oct. 27, Prof. Trueblood. teacher of elocution and oratory at the university. will give an entertainment in Normal hall for the benefit of the Normal Oratorical association. The entertainment is to consist of a rendering of the drama "Ignomar," and is one of the plays in which Prof. Trueblood has had his greatest success. To those who have heard Prof. Trueblood it is unnecessary to say that the entertainment will be well worth attending.

The Second Baptist church of Ypsilanti are holding a church fair this week at Good Samaritan hall, opening Monday evening with a grand concert. On Tuesday evening the A. M. A. church gave the program. Wednesday evening the program was given by the young people of the First Baptist church. Tonight the Aeolian quartet will give an interesting musical program. Friday evening the program will be given by the best talent of the Second Baptist and A. M. E. churches of Ann Arbor. An admission of 10 cents is charged and the proceeds will be applied on the church debt. Everybody is invited.

It brings to the little ones that priceless gift of healthy flesh, solid bone and muscle. That's what Rocky Mountain Tea does. 35c. Ask your druggist.

"Actions of the Just Smell Sweet."

The fragrance of life is vigor and strength, neither of which can be found in a person whose blood is impure, and whose every breath speaks of internal troubles. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, gives a good appetite and makes the weak strong.

Run Down—*"My husband was run down in health and all tired out. Those excellent medicines, Hood's Pills and Sarsaparilla, built him up again." Mrs. H. L. Mowry, Towanda, Pa.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. A. J. Murray has returned from a visit in Kansas City.

G. W. Johnson, of the cold storage, will buy all your live poultry this fall.

Manager Seaah of the opera house has returned from a business trip to Lapeer.

Carl Miner of New York City, a former U. of M. student, was an Ypsilanti visitor Tuesday.

Miss Kate VanCleve will give a dancing party to a few friends at the Country Club Thursday evening.

The Rev. Wm. Gardam will preach on Sunday morning on "I believe in the Communion of Saints."

The assault and battery case of People vs. William Geist, Edward Clark, complainant, has been adjourned.

The monthly meeting of St. Luke's Women's Auxiliary will be held this afternoon at three o'clock, in the church house.

An effort is being made to secure a guarantee from citizens sufficient to warrant the leasing of a private wire for election evening.

Services in St. Luke's church Sunday next: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; morning prayer, sermon, 10:30; Sunday School, 12 m.; evening prayer, lecture, 7:30.

Rev. Wm. Gardam yesterday sent $12 more to Prof. John Whittaker from friends at the Normal and in the city, making in all $104.65 which has been forwarded to him from this city.

The funeral of Mrs. Catharine Canfield was held at the residence Tuesday afternoon, the Rev. James Brown of the Baptist church offictating. Mrs. Canfield had long been a resident of Ypsilanti, and her death is mourned by many of the older citizens.

In the case of the Maine Mile Track association vs. George Hammond, to recover a note of $1,100, which was held in Detroit this week, the jury returned a verdict of no cause for action. Hammond's defense was that the note was given as a gambling debt and hence was illegal.

The committee of the Study club having in charge Colonial Day, have arranged a special and interesting program to be given Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 31, at 3 o'clock, at the home of Miss Miner, 301 N. Washington street. Each member is privileged to bring with her two guests.

Fifty Normalites have formed a republican club with the following officers: President, E. R. Rice; vice-president, A. E. Sherman; secretary and treasurer. P. G. McWinney; committee on literature, Messrs. Goodale, Grandy and Waldron; committee on finance, Messrs. Dick, Wilbur, and Broecker. The members have each pledged themselves to make at least one campaign speech before election, and to return to their home towns in time to cast a republican vote. They were addressedoat their first meeting by Frank Savery of the third ward.

The remains of Mrs. Mary Spaulding, wife of Nelson Spaulding of Durand, Mich., were interred in Highland cemetery yesterday. Mrs. Spaulding died at the Ann Arbor hospital, from a complication of diseases. Her first husband, John Boyle. will be remembered by old residents of Ypsilanti. He was the brother of Mrs. W. W. Worden, Mrs. John Wise, and Mrs. J. Remington. The husband desires to express heartfelt thanks for the kindness of relatives and friends in his sad bereavement.

Ypsilanti whisters are interested at present in the meeting of the Ohio Whist association, which will be held at Toledo, Nov. 23 and 24, and the gathering of the Michigan Whist association at Saginaw, on November 15. At the Toledo meet there will be three trophy contests for Ohio members only, and four open events and a free-for-all, to which outsiders are eligible; and in these last there will be several Ypsilanti players. The secretary of the Michigan association is C. W. Rogers of this city, and the association's meetings are always attended by a number of Ypsilantians.—Times.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflammed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten this is caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO. Props., Toledo
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Harry Kayuske, 27, Ann Arbor; Amelia M. Yanke, 22, West Sumpter.

Emil Nowak, 26, Ann Arbor; Maud Haudt, 21, Ann Arbor.

Richard Ainsley, 56, Ypsilanti; Charlotte M. Harris, 53, Ypsilanti.

Howard Tucker, 21, Ypsilanti; Daisy Neeb, 18, Dexter.

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Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents. 22

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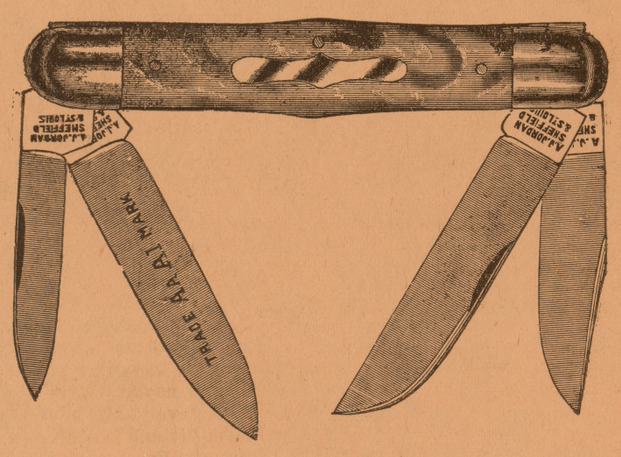

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His One Loss.

Some of the skaters on the London Serpentine hire their skates from men whose business it is to let them out at a certain sum per hour.

Thackeray once asked one of these men whether he had ever lost a pair through the omission to exact a deposit, and he replied that he had never done so except on one occasion, when the circumstances made it almost pardonable.

A well dressed young fellow was having his second skate fastened on, when he suddenly broke away from the man's hands and dashed on to the ice.

The next instant a thickset, powerful man was clamoring for another pair. "I shall nab him now," he cried, "for I am a dab at skating."

He was a sheriff's officer in pursuit of his prey, and a very animating sight it was to watch the chase. The officer was, as he had boasted, a first rate skater, and it became presently obvious that he was running down his man. Then the young fellow determined to take a desperate risk for liberty.

The ice, as usual, under the bridge was marked "dangerous," and he made for it at headlong speed. The ice bent beneath his weight, but he got safely over. The sheriff's officer followed, with equal pluck; but, being a heavier man, broke through and was drowned.

"His skates," said the narrator of the incident, "I got back after the inquest, but those the young man had on I never saw again."—Youth's Companion.

The Kitchen Policeman.

After the young housewife discovers that there is considerable difference between a leg of lamb and a leg of beef she has other surprises in store for her. A young married woman on the North Side hired her first girl the other day, a stout and pretty Irish lass, and, finding her both willing and able, was delighted with her good fortune. So, wishing to be agreeable, she said kindly:

"Mary, if you wish to entertain the policeman I shall not object provided of course that you do not make it a regular habit."

"What do I want with a policeman?" demanded the girl indignantly.

"Why, I thought all you girls did," stammered the lady.

"You thought wrong," said Mary coldly. "I wouldn't have one of them in my kitchen, and I've been in service ten years, and I never knew a girl that cared a snap for them."

When Mr. Younghusband came home that night, his wife related this dialogue, and he remarked that this was the age for the destruction of myths.—Chicago Tribune.

Appearances Were Deceitful.

Sir John Batty Tuke, the eminent psychologist, had once the following laughable experience: A sturdy laborer was engaged in the grounds of the doctor's asylum at Stoughton hall, near Edinburgh, and was told to give no attention whatever to patients who might come and speak to him. About the middle of the day Dr. Tuke came to see what progress had been made with the work and mildly suggested some alterations. The laborer dug on without ever lifting his head. The doctor raised his voice and spoke more emphatically, but the workman took no notice. Then the doctor threatened, stormed and finally demanded:

"Do you know who I am?"

The man straightened his back deliberately and, leaning on the head of his spade, looked at him for a minute and, shading his head, sympathetically said:

"Puir, deleerious crater, I'm rael sorry for e'e!" and went on with his work.

Dr. Tuke, taking in the situation, turned on his heel, with a broad smile on his face.

They Don't Like Cold Water.

The healthiness of Chinese cities has been ingeniously attributed by some people to the universal habit of fanning, a practice which is said to keep the atmosphere in constant circulation. How far this explanation can be deemed to suffice we must leave experts to decide, but so far as a contaminated water supply is concerned we believe that the real secret of immunity from its evil effects lies in the universal custom of boiling all water intended for drinking.

As a matter of fact, the Chinese never drink cold water. The national beverage, which in a true sense may be said to cheer but not inebriate, is tea, and this is always "on tap," even in the houses of the very poor. The native aversion to cold water is undoubtedly carried to extremes and certainly induces diseases which might easily be avoided by a judicious system of outward application.

What It Would Make.

It has been truly remarked that the logic of children is excellent, but that they lack experience. The following authentic anecdote, however, comes somewhat under the head of exceptions to that rule. A lady was giving a lesson in "concrete arithmetic" to her little boy.

"Now, supposing I give you a chocolate," she said, "and then another, how many would that make?"

"Two."

"And then supposing I gave you four more, what would that make?"

"It would make me very sick," was the wholly unexpected reply.

Morality.

On what is the whole of morality based? To live nobly and rightly in these five relations of life: Sovereign and subject, parent and child, husband and wife, elder and younger, brother and brother, friend and friend. To each of these belongs appropriate conduct. For a universal love of mankind without distinction of persons gives more to him to whom less is due and less to him to whom more is due.—Confucius' Law of Life.

PRIVATE BURNS' RISK.

A Deed as Daring as Funston's by a Soldier In the Civil War.

When the newspaper correspondents in the Philippines wrote the story of Colonel Funston swimming a river in the face of a hot fire from the Filipinos the whole world admired his bravery, and a grateful government made him a general. Yet a South Bend (Ind.) man when but a lad performed a more dangerous feat than Funston did and went unrewarded in proportion to what his deed deserved.

When the civil war broke out, Mr. A. M. Burns was a bit of a lad 14 years old, living in a little town in Wisconsin. On the call for volunteers he applied to the nearest recruiting station, but the officer in charge laughed at him and told him to go back home and grow some. But this did not discourage him, and he applied to influential frends who secured him a place as a drummer boy with the Tenth Wisconsin, and he started out in the greatest glee. For a year he sounded the drum with this regiment, and at the end of that time he was discharged as a drummer, but Burns wanted to be a real soldier, and he went into the ranks with a musket on his shoulder for a three years' term of service. He was in all the battles of the army of the Cumberland, including Chickamauga, and several times had a close call for his life.

On the afternoon of Sept. 20, 1863, Private Burns while in the van of a charge was shot through the leg above the knee. He received his wound about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and all that night he lay on the battlefield, surrounded by the dead and dying, with shot and shell hurling over him. About 9 o'clock in the morning he was taken to the field hospital and his wound dressed. After weeks of pain he recovered and returned to his regiment and took part in the Atlanta campaign.

It was at the Chattahoochee river that Private Burns performed the deed alluded to. The bridge had been destroyed, and the Confederates had a pontoon bridge, but it was on their side of the river. The troops of the two armies fired at each other from opposite sides of the stream, and it looked for awhile as if the march of the Federal forces would be stopped. It was left to the Tenth Wisconsin to devise means for the crossing of the troops, and the colonel suggested that the pontoon bridge be captured and called for volunteers to swim the river with a rope to be fastened to the bridge.

Private Burns was the first man to step three paces to the front. Some of the older soldiers thought it would be a shame to send such a bit of a boy to almost certain death and tried to get him to stand aside and let an older man take his place. But Burns insisted that he was the first volunteer and was entitled to the commission of the task, and the colonel, with tears in his eyes, told him to go ahead.

As soon as it was dusk Private Burns slipped down to the river, but not until he had written a farewell letter to his home and intrusted it to his captain, to be sent if he did not come back. The rope was tied about his body under the arms, and he plunged into the deep, swift river. The swimmer was soon lost sight of in the darkness, and it was three-quarters of an hour before he returned as silently as he had left.

His comrades had gathered about the bank and were waiting in great suspense, and as he climbed up the bank the men picked up the boy and hugged him. He had tied the rope to the end of the bridge and cut the ropes with which the Confederates had fastened it to the south side of the river, and the soldiers began hauling it around. It was not long until the pontoon was in position, and the Wisconsin boys, with Private Burns in the front rank, charged across the bridge, drove the Confederates back, and what happened after that is a matter of history.

Private Burns was the hero of the regiment, and he won his spurs over again in the Atlanta campaign and was mentioned several times in the dispatches for bravery on the field. When his term of service had expired, Burns went home, but the sound of the gun was music to his ears, and he again volunteered, expecting to go as a private, but his old colonel insisted with the authorities at Washington that Burns deserved recognition for his services at the Chattahoochee river, and he was given a commission as captain in the Forty-fourth Wisconsin and served nine months, returning home when there was no more fighting to do. —Indianapolis News.

He Filled the Bill.

There was a fagot party in Georgetown one evening not long ago. Of course you know what a fagot party is—a party where every guest is expected to contribute to the evening's entertainment a song or a recitation or an anecdote or something equally diverting. There was voting at the end of the evening as to whose story had been best, and the prize fell to a girl who lives on Maryland avenue.

This is the story she told, and she said the man in it was an uncle of hers in Utica, N. Y. He has a wife of the ultra good housekeeper sort, and one evening she sent him down to the cellar with a pitcher to draw some cider. The cellar steps were dark and steep. His foot slipped on the second, and down he went like an avalanche. The housewife heard the noise and ran to the top of the stairs to peer down at the bruised and battered man at the bottom.

"Did you break the pitcher, George?" she asked anxiously.

"No; drat the blamed thing!" he howled. "I didn't break it, but, by jinks, I will."

And forthwith he smashed the treasured pitcher to smithereens on the cement floor.—Washington Post.

Adapted From the French For Argonaut.

ever, silence is more eloquent than words.

M. Cambois started in pursuit of his late companion, but returned exhausted. "Alas," he exclaimed as he rejoined his family, "we shall never see him again! What a pity! He seemed to be such an excellent young man."

Mme. Cambois appeared equally regretful. Eugenie seemed to be less moved, but young girls have a way of reading the eyes of young men and perhaps—well, perhaps Eugenie had read in the eyes of her opposite neighbor that they were not destined to lose sight of each other altogether.

She was not mistaken. The next day when the Cambois family arrived at the moving sidewalk, precisely at 10 and at the very station indicated, the first person they saw was their companion of the evening before, who played the role of the surprised to perfection—the hypocrite, when he had waited for them more than an hour. The guileless Cambois fairly bubbled over with joy and surprise; Eugenie blushed furiously, but appeared equally delighted.

The first effusions over, the young man, to give the example, stepped lightly upon the first platform, the one which moves at the rate of four kilometers an hour, then upon the second, which turns with redoubled rapidity. Eugenie followed with the same agility, but the feat was too difficult for the unwieldy Cambois, while his wife, seized with fear, dared not place her foot on the sidewalk. Eugenie threw them a kiss, and a moment later she and her handsome escort disappeared, while M. and Mme. Cambois stood paralyzed on the immovable part of the machine looking after their daughter and asking each other if they would ever find her again.

"Happily," said the good natured father, with the naivete of a child, "she is in good hands. Besides, Bonbonne," a pet name he often bestowed upon his timid spouse, "the walk moves incessantly, so they will pass here again."

At the end of a quarter of an hour the anxious parents heard a familiar voice exclaim, "Oh, how delightfully amusing!" and, turning, they perceived Eugenie leaning against the balustrade by the side of her amiable guide. Neither of them appeared to be in the least fatigued, and, judging from their animated conversation, they were evidently enjoying each other's society.

At last M. and Mme. Cambois took courage, and both valiantly advanced upon the first platform, but once there neither of them dared to budge or take a step upon the walk, which was constantly moving. Each clung desperately to the supporting posts, and, though they followed in the wake of Eugenie and her handsome escort, they remained always at a great distance behind them. Finally the young couple went to their rescue and, being sure footed, escorted M. and Mme. Cambois to the stationary platform. Evidently M. Cambois had had quite enough of the moving sidewalk, though he still stoutly maintained, possibly through principle, that it was a marvelous invention. Meanwhile the young couple had become very well acquainted—indeed, their understanding seemed quite perfect, for they now promenaded hand in hand, possibly to maintain their equilibrium.

The Camboises and their traveling companion now dined, breakfasted and supped together, and together they visited the palaces and pavilions, and when they said goodby in the evening it was with the understanding that they would meet again the next morning.

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed M. Cambois as he entered the hotel. "I forgot again to ask that young fellow his name. Tomorrow I shall certainly do so."

But tomorrow came and went, and again the question was forgotten. M. Cambois never thought of it again until four days later, when the Cambois family and the young man had grown so intimate that they never separated until the hour of retiring. It was Eugenie, however, who answered the question as she playfully introduced her father to M. George Legeay of Lyons. Both gentlemen were equally surprised, for the young man had never revealed his name even to the pretty daughter.

"But how in the world, mademoiselle, did you find out my name?" he asked.

"Quite simply," replied the young girl. "I read it on your traveling bag when you entered the compartment at Lyons."

"Which goes to prove"— said the young man, laughing.

"That a woman can keep a secret," interrupted Eugenie before he had time to finish the sentence.

"Pardon me, sir," said M. Cambois, removing his hat with profound respect, "but are you connected with the house of Legeay & Co. of Lyons?"

"I am one of the partners," coolly replied M. Legeay. "My eldest brother is the other."

"Then you are my principal furnisher."

George Legeay bowed. "And your son-in-law," he said in an undertone, "if you and Mme. Cambois will permit.'

The fair Eugenie blushed, for she had overheard the conversation, but as she did not protest M. and Mme. Cambois offered no objection to the marriage.

Since the engagement the Cambois family, accompanied by M. Legeay, make a daily pilgrimage to the moving sidewalk, but M. and Mme. Cambois allow the young couple to make the tour alone and remain quietly seated on the quay until their return, for, according to M. Cambois—and, having been a devoted lover, he is good authority—when one is engaged to be married there are always so many things to be said. But he still maintains that the moving sidewalk is a marvelous invention and a wonderful place for courting.—Adapted From the French For Argonaut.

petual motion, transformed, as it were, into an ambulating fountain, much to the amusement of Eugenie, whose affection for her father did not prevent her from appreciating the ludicrous side of the paternal character. And even after M. Cambois had entered his compartment his excitement did not subside until he had counted and recounted his small bundles, verified the presence of his portfolio, his watch, his keys, his handkerchief and purse, when he finally wiped the perspiration from his massive forehead, heaved a sigh and settled down in his seat. His desire had been fulfilled, for they had the compartment entirely to themselves. Of course M. Cambois himself occupied fully a quarter of it and without fear of inconveniencing anybody spread himself comfortably.

At the end of three hours they were approaching Lyons, when the amiable Cambois decided to take measures which would insure the compartment to himself and family until they reached Paris, and with this end in view he adroitly scattered his bundles over the cushions, and when the guard opened the door and announced, "Lyon-Perrache, 15 minutes' stop!" M. Cambois stationed himself before the door, obstructing the view with his enormous person, and the travelers who were venturesome enough to approach the Cambois compartment withdrew in fear before the stalwart fortifications. This soldierly maneuver would have been entirely successful had M. Cambois remained only a few moments longer at his post, but just before the train started, feeling sure of his triumph, he threw himself back on the cushions, and just at that moment a traveler appeared at the door.

"The compartment is full," angrily cried M. Cambois.

"Not entirely, I believe," was the imperturbable reply of the newcomer. "There are still, I think, four or five places," and without paying further attention to the irascible Cambois the late arrival, who was a tall, handsome young man of distinguished bearing and faultlessly attired, tranquilly installed himself in the last corner of the compartment directly opposite to Eugenie. He then took out from his elegant traveling bag a package of newspapers and began to read, apparently as oblivious of the Cambois family as though the estimable trio had remained at Chantenay-lez-Vaucluse.

The position assumed by the handsome young traveler, vis-a-vis to the Cambois family, would probably have lasted until they reached Paris had not the mass of bundles placed above Eugenie's head fallen suddenly to the floor, when the beauty of Chantenay-lez-Vaucluse gave a pretty little scream like the cry of a frightened bird. The young man came gallantly to the rescue and, after gathering up the bundles, inquired with polite concern if his fair neighbor had been hurt. He then resumed his seat, but he did not resume his reading, for the accident had drawn his attention to the beautiful Eugenie, and he evidently decided in his own mind that it was far more interesting to study this pretty tableau-vivant placed before him than to plunge again into the study of political questions.

M. Cambois, touched by the obligingness of his traveling companion, which had permitted him to remain tranquilly in his place without even disturbing himself, suddenly felt his anger subside and, giving way to his ever expansive nature, began an animated conversation with his new found friend. The young man listened with polite attention, responded when occasion required, but kept his eyes fixed on the daughter. Before the train reached Dijon M. Cambois had informed his new acquaintance where he resided, his occupation, his name and many other minor details. At each announcement the traveler simply said, "Ah!" And even when M. Cambois announced with a certain amount of pride that he represented at Chantenay-lez-Vaucluse the important house of Legeay & Co. of Lyons the announcement was followed by the usual exclamation. Though the young man was extremely amiable and polite, he confined his conversation to generalities and never once did he allude to his place of residence or his occupation.

At Auxerre M. Cambois confided to his new friend that he was going to Paris with his family to visit the exposition, and for awhile the exposition became the principal topic of conversation between them, and as the young man had already visited many of its wonders he was able to give the Cambois family some valuable pointers.

"I," said Mlle. Eugenie, "am anxious to visit the Palace of Costumes."

"And I," timidly echoed Mme. Cambois, "the Hall of Festivals."

"And I the moving sidewalk," exclaimed the diffusive M. Cambois. "To think of circulating about without the trouble of moving! Ah, mon ami, what a marvelous invention! To-morrow morning at 10 sharp we will take this wonderful sidewalk in."

This bit of information was evidently most welcome to M. Cambois' young companion, who began at once to explain to the enthusiastic old gentleman the mechanism of the moving platform, indicating, with great finesse, the precise route which it was best to follow and designating a particular station which he assured him was the best point to start from. The guileless Cambois listened with profound attention, thanked the young man for his disinterestedness and assured him that he would certainly follow the route traced out.

Arrived in Paris, the Cambois family and their new acquaintance parted the very best of friends.

"Sapriste," exclaimed M. Cambois a few moments after the young man had said goodby, "I forgot to ask him his name!"

"How unfortunate," said the timid Mme. Cambois. Eugenie made no observation. On some occasions, how-

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A Case of Appendicitis Yields to This Treatment.

Mrs. Henry Dettman, 99 East Butler street, Adrian, who was to have gone to Detroit, at the request of physicians of the former city, to be operated upon for appendicitis, some time ago, has entirely recovered from the attack after taking one week's treatment under the osteopath. The story of the case, as gathered from Mrs. Dettman, runs thus: "Three physicians, one of whom was also a surgeon, had seen me. After I had been given up as hopeless by my physician, he prescribed a strong stimulant in order that I might regain strength enough to be moved to Detroit, which was to be done as soon as I could possibly get there. I tried hard to induce the physician to call in counsel and operate upon me in Adrian, but this was refused on account of the critical condition I was in, and he advised me to go to Detroit, where I could have the benefit of best hospital services. But before starting to Detroit, Dr. Jones, president of the Detroit Institute of Osteopathy, was called, and after his third treatment I derived enough benefit to encourage my continuance of treatment. After one week's treatment I was so much improved that I was entirely free from pain and able to assist in family duties, to the great delight of my relatives and friends."

Two physicians called to see this lady after her recovery. Dr. Jones was approached by a reporter, but refused to answer queries, saying it would be time enough when Mrs. Dettman was perfectly restored.

Mrs. Dettman is naturally a very delighted woman and says she tried the treatment at the request of friends who had heard of some of the cures perfected by osteopathy.

Several cases of appendicitis have been successfully treated by this method before, and we would say, "Honor to whom honor is due." If Osteopathy will save some of the needless surgery of to-day, by all means let the treatment be encouraged.

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TEXAS RATTLESNAKE BITE.

How It Felt to Frank Kent, Who Was Bitten and Tells About It.

How does it feel to be bitten by a rattlesnake? A vivid description of the sensation has been given by Frank Kent, an intelligent "snake charmer," whose untoward adventure has thrilled San Francisco with horror.

Kent had come to the end of his performance at a place of amusement called the Chutes. He had handled all his snakes save one—a huge Texas rattler with which he was unfamiliar, having received it by express only that day.

Some one in the crowd dared him to pick up the newcomer. Lying in a hospital next day, with his arm swathed in lint, the performer said:

"I was very foolish to heed that remark, but it made me mad, and I grabbed up the new rattler. In doing this I failed to handle him as carefully as I should, and in an instant he whirled his head about and sank his fangs into my right hand.

"I felt a sharp sting, and instantly the hand grew unbearably hot. I dropped the snake as promptly as I could, and grasped my right wrist with the other hand, in order to shut off the circulation if possible. Then I sucked the wound as well as I could and made for the hospital.

"In a few minutes it seemed to me that I would have to run a race with somebody, for a terrible desire overtook me to move about rapidly. I felt that some awful thing was just after me, and in this hysterical moment I could exercise neither judgment nor will power. Soon afterward I felt drowsy and stupefied, yet afraid to go to sleep, for fear that I would never awaken.

"As the right arm began to swell it felt as though the skin had been stretched to the utmost, and was being fearfully strained. I endured all sorts of agony in this, and even now that continues, although, of course, I am not suffering as I was at one time.

Kent's life was saved with permanganate of potash, administered hypodermically.

Last Wooden Railroad Broken Up.

Capital is about to reopen the Clifton iron mines in Northern New York, and to destroy the famous wooden railroad which used to bring out the ore.

There's hardly anything a Yankee with an Irish name cannot invent. When the Clifton mine project was being discussed, the investors objected to the cost of building twenty-eight miles of spur railroad through a very rough country to bring out the ore.

"Steel rails cost money," said the chairman.

"Sure, an' why not make wooden rails then?" said Jim Sheridan, the "King of Clifton," "they's wood enough up thim hills to break a man's heart."

"Can you build a wooden railroad fit to run a little dummy engine on and a train of tip-cars?"

"I can that!"

And Sheridan did. The rails were spruce poles, squared in the little "one-man" saw mill of the place, while log ties, half buried in the earth and staked down at either end were notched to receive them. Into these notches the rails were wedged firmly by two oaken keys sawed out in the saw mill.

These keys had a way of shrinking during a dry spell, and working loose, when it became the duty of the engineer to keep a sharp watch for them and of the brakemen to dismount upon hearing three short whistles and a long one, and with a supply of keys from a keg which was carried on the conductor's flat car at the rear to maul the rail tight again with a wooden beetle.

The engine used to run off the track into the bushes, when it was the pleasant duty of the trainmen to get off and pry it back into place again. Just as the railroad was becoming famous the iron works burned up. The railroad didn't burn. It's there yet, much of it, rotted into the ground, but it will have to come up to make way for a steel successor not half so interesting.

How Foxes Get Rid of Fleas.

By an old hunter and naturalist of local repute a story has been told here confirming as absolutely true and trustworthy the published account, which has had few believers until now, of how foxes rid themselves of fleas. The fox, according to the book narrative, simply backs slowly into a stream of water with a portion of the pelt of a rabbit in his mouth after the fox has made a meal of the rabbit. The water drives the fleas first up the fox's legs and then toward his head, and finally out on the piece of rabbit fur, and then the fox drops the fur and his pests are done for.

The local hunter and naturalist referred to, strange to say, had never heard or read this story when he told of the actions of a fox which he observed the other day in the waters of the Patapsco River. The little animal, he stated, backed into the river slowly with so much deliberation that he wondered what it meant. It carried something he did not know what in its mouth and dropped the something when out in deep water. Then the fox hurried away. The object left floated near to the observer and he hauled it ashore with a stick. Fleas literally swarmed through the object, which was found to be a bit of raw rabbit fur. The observer had a puzzling mystery explained to him. He says his admiration for the shrewdness of the fox grows more and more as he grows older and learns his ways.—From the Baltimore Sun.

Remarkable Old Age.

Dr. Edward Palmer of the Smithsonian Institution states that there is a woman in California 140 years old, whom he has seen carry six great watermelons on her shoulder, done up in a blanket, for over two miles. There are now living on the island of Sappho, in the Mediterranean, three men, aged respectively 115, 119 and 126, who are obliged to earn their bread by manual labor. Thus they have abundant means of prolonging their lives. Exercise only will insure a man an active, healthy old age.

If, however, one is by feebleness or indoor occupation debarred from much exercise, he can greatly prolong his life by limiting severely the amount of hearty food he eats, thus giving his stomach less to do.

The greatest compliment that can be paid to a Brazilian lady, it is said, is to tell her that she grows fatter and fatter every day.

CAPT. GREGG AND HIS DOG

Doubt Cast Upon One of the Romantic Tales of the Revolutionary War.

One of the most romantic and oft-repeated tales of the Revolution is that of Captain Gregg, who was scalped by the Indians, and whose rescue from a lingering death was attributed to the thoughtfulness of a faithful dog. Gregg was an officer under the command of the brave and capable Colonel Gansevoort, who successfully defended Fort Stanwix against St. Leger's advance in 1777. Contrary to orders, Captain Gregg, accompanied by a corporal, left the fort in search of game, was surprised by the Indians, shot and scalped, his companion being instantly killed. Gregg, despite his wounds, was found alive and carried into the fort. He recovered and again served his country with honor and credit. Such is a brief narration of the event, void of any sentimental or romantic incidents.

Timothy Dwight, author of "Travels in New England and New York, 1821," seems to have fastened upon this incident the episode of the faithful dog, who has ever since complacently trotted alongside of the story. Dwight says, after describing the attack by the Indians and the wounding of Gregg:

"A small dog which belonged to him and had accompanied him in his hunting, but to which he had hitherto been inattentive, now came up to him in apparent agony, and leaping around him in a variety of involuntary motions, yelped, whined and cried in an unusual manner, to the no small molestation of his master. Gregg was not in a situation to bear the disturbance even of affection. He tried in every way which he could think of to force the dog from him, but he tried in vain. At length, wearied by his cries and agitations, and not knowing how to put an end to them, he addressed the animal as if he had been a rational being. 'If you wish so much to help me, go and call some one to my relief.' At these words the creature instantly left him and ran through the forest at full speed to the great comfort of his master, who now hoped to die quietly.

"The dog made his way directly to three men belonging to the garrison, who were fishing at the distance of a mile from the scene of the tragedy; as soon as he came up to them he began to cry in the same afflicting manner, and advancing near them, turned slowly back toward the point where his master lay, keeping his eye continually on the men; all this he repeated several times. At length one of the men observed to his companions that there was something very extraordinary in the actions of the dog, and that in his opinion they ought to find out the cause; his companions were of the same mind, and they immediately set out with the intentions to follow the animal whither he should lead them.

"After they had pursued him some distance, and found nothing, they became discouraged. The sun had set, and the forest was dangerous; they therefore determined to return. The moment the dog saw them wheel about, he began to cry with increased violence, and coming up to the men, took hold of the skirts of their coats with his teeth, and attempted to pull them toward the point to which he had before directed his course. When they stopped again, he leaned his back against the back part of their legs, as if endeavoring to push them onward to his master. Astonished at the conduct of the dog, they agreed, after a little deliberation, to follow him until he should stop. The animal directed them directly to his master. They found him still living, and after burying the corporal as well as they could, they carried Gregg to the fort. Here his wounds were dressed with the utmost care, and such assistance was rendered to him as proved the means of restoring him to health."

It may be observed here that the only thing that serves to save this dog's reputation from actual damnation is the fact that the three men who accompanied the animal were fishermen; even a dog should not be held responsible for their stories.

Colonel Gansevoort's military papers have been carefully preserved by his descendants, and in their possession is the original draft of his report of this occurrence to General Schuyler, under date of June 27, 1777, which is as follows:

"I am sorry to inform your honor that Captain Gregg and Corporal Madison of my regiment went out a-gunning yesterday morning, contrary to my orders. It seems they went out just after breakfast, and at about 10 o'clock Corporal Madison was killed and scalped. Captain Gregg was shot through his back, tomahawked and scalped, but is still living. He informs me that the misfortune happened about 10 o'clock in the morning. He looked at his watch after he was scalped. He saw but two Indians. He was about one mile and a half from the fort, and was not discovered until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I immediately sent out a party and had him brought to the fort, just about 3 o'clock; also the corpse of Madison. Gregg is perfectly in his senses, and speaks strong and hearty, notwithstanding that his recovery is doubtful."

Colonel Gansevoort makes no mention of the dog, and is particular as to the time of the scalping, which we see is widely different from that given by Dwight. Neither in other correspondence of Colonel Gansevoort's in relation to this event is there the least mention of any connection of a dog with the finding of Captain Gregg.

Dwight's narrative is a fair sample of how fictitious details are interwoven to add imaginary strength to a story powerful enough in its naked and simple facts. Colonel Gansevoort, with the precision of a soldier and the instinct of a gentleman, lets the truth suffice.

Quicksands.

Nothing is too big or too small to escape the maw of our hungry globe. Quicksands are the traps she spreads for smaller fry. Probably the worst and most dangerous in the world are the "Shotts" of the Sahara. These are perhaps the dregs of some prehistoric sea. Now they are covered over with a thick crust of salt and sand. Whole caravans have walked unconsciously into these death traps, and been quickly swallowed up. Reclus, the great French authority, declares you can sound these quicksands to a depth of 300 feet without finding bottom.

For clearness read Macaulay.

HUNTING SWORDFISH

IRONING THE BIG FELLOWS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

The Mastheadman and Striker Are the Battery Upon Whom Success Depends, While the Doryman's Work Is the Most Novel and Exciting.

It was toward the close of a Friday afternoon that we sighted our first swordfish. We had been working our way out toward George's Banks against variable head winds for three days and were lounging about the schooner's deck thoroughly tired of doing nothing when a cry from the masthead sent every man scurrying to his place like the last bell at school.

"Hard up! Hard up!"

"Steady her!"

"Keep off a little!"

"Hard down!"

It was all over in a minute. The vessel bore down as true as a whistle for the fish, the striker ironed him securely, the warp whizzed through the cook's hands until it was all played out and the barrel buoy thrown overboard, a dory was lowered away with a rush, and one of the men rowed off to haul the catch, while the schooner continued her course on the lookout for another.

There were eight of us on board, including the skipper and the cook, and except myself all "down east" fishermen who had hunted the swordfish for many seasons. The hold of our schooner was filled with ice, and we had fitted with provisions enough to stay out a month if necessary in order to get a good load of fish. Most of the swordfish that are taken on the New England coast come from George's Banks, a high ledge about 50 miles each way, covered by 30 or 40 fathoms of water, which lies about 300 miles east of New York and is the great fishing ground of the north Atlantic. The swordfish make this their summer home, usually from about the middle of June to the middle of September.

There are at least six places to be filled on a vessel when catching swordfish, and the average crew contains from 8 to 12 men. These must be a mastheadman, who watches for the fish as they swim along near the top of the water, their back and tail fins just above the surface, and whose work it is when one has been sighted to call out directions to the man at the wheel so as to put the vessel close to the fish. Then there is the striker, who stands on a small stand at the head of the bowsprit to iron the fish when it comes within reach. For this purpose he has a long pole with an iron pike on the end of it. To the end of the pike is attached a dart which in turn is fastened to a rope known as the warp. The warp, containing about 100 fathoms, is coiled up on the deck with its farther end made fast to a barrel buoy. In ironing a fish the dart is thrust right through him, leaving it buttoned on the other side when the pole is drawn out.

As soon as a fish is struck he heads for bottom, and it is the work of the warp tender, who is commonly the cook, to pay off the warp carefully and throw overboard the barrel buoy when it is all gone. Then a doryman rows out, picks up the barrel and hauls on his fish until he has tired him enough to pull him alongside of the dory, when he lances him in the gills, catches his tail with a gaff, runs a strap around it and makes the fish fast to the dory until the schooner returns and hoists the catch aboard. In addition to these four places there must be a helmsman and a man to tend sheets. As most boats carry four dories, moreover, there must be hands enough to man all these at once if necessary, the dorymen who are not otherwise engaged staying with the mastheadman on the foretopmast, which instead of having a sail is rigged with a number of seats, the top one of which is known as the crow's nest.

Although we were always well fed, we ate no fresh meat during the trip. Corned beef, salt horse, "chicken," alias smoked herring, and slack salted codfish composed our bill of fare in this direction. We never cut a swordfish, and indeed when I asked one of the men who had been catching them for years what they tasted like he said he believed they were a good deal like halibut, but he had never eaten any. Of course there is sufficient reason for never cutting a swordfish in that the average crew could hardly dispose of one during an ordinary trip. It seemed ridiculous, however, that although we were on the finest cod and haddock grounds on the coast there was not a vestige of a hook or line on board with which we might have had fresh fish whenever we so elected. It was like going to the country to find that farmers have no cream on the table and that their supply of fresh vegetables is often inferior to what you can get in the city.

The mastheadman and the striker are regarded as the two most important persons in swordfishing. They are the battery upon whom everything else depends. The work of the doryman is the most novel and exciting, however. A respectable swordfish runs between 10 and 15 feet in length, weighing anywhere from 100 to 600 pounds, and it often takes several hours to tire him out, while there is always a chance that he may come up under your dory and smash a hole through the bottom with his sword or that you may be lost by the schooner in the thick weather.—Boston Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Old Fashioned.

McJigger—I see Mr. Barnpaws, the circus man, was married the other day. That was something of a come down for him.

Thingumbob—Why so?

McJigger—The wedding was nothing but a one ring performance.—Philadelphia Press.

FAD OF ORDERING DRUGS

A Freak of Women That Makes a Morgue Necessary in a Drugstore.

When the woman in black handed two prescriptions to the drug clerk she said, "I'll call for the medicine some time this evening. Give me a check, please."

Before handing her the identification check the clerk figured for a moment. "One dollar and a quarter," he said. "It is customary to get a deposit on a call order that amounts to more than 50 cents."

The woman flushed indignantly. "Well," she said, "to be frank with you, I don't feel like paying it. I've been buying medicine and things at drug stores for a good many years and this is the first time I have been asked to put up a deposit. It is such an absurd request. You don't suppose for a minute that I'm going around getting prescriptions filled just for the fun of the thing, do you?"

The clerk sighed meekly. "Well," he said, "maybe you're not, but there are plenty of women who do. I hate to ask for a deposit. I'd almost as lief be cheated out of the money. I told the proprietor so. 'It looks small,' said I. 'Can't help it,' said he. 'We can't afford to mix three or four bottles of expensive medicine every day for women who make a fad of ordering drugs compounded that they never intend to call for.' And that's just what a lot of women folks do," added the clerk with a defiant attempt at self-vindication. "Just look at this." Here he opened the door of a large cupboard at the rear of the store and pointed to the many rows of labelled bottles therein. "This is what we call the morgue," he said. "Every drug store has one. It is filled with the aftermath of the medicine fad. There must be upward of 300 bottles in that cupboard which are worth on an average of 50 cents each. Every one of them has been ordered by women, the majority of whom probably never had any intention of calling for the concoction. Some of this medicine has been here for months. It probably never will be called for, but we shall keep it for an indefinite period anyway. Drugs once mixed are a dead loss to us, and we might as well hold them and thus take chances on final redemption as to throw them away."

"But what makes people order medicine that they never intend to use?" asked the woman.

The clerk sighed. "The Lord knows," he said. "What makes people run to any senseless fad? This is all of a piece, I suppose, with the mania that induces people to consult a doctor when there is nothing the matter with them, only it is less expensive. Doctors' bills generally have to be paid, whereas medicine can be compounded free of charge unless a deposit is demanded from all except regular patrons. Not all these bottles you see here were filled from new prescriptions by any means. Many of them were made up from copies of old prescriptions that were filled originally at other stores in good faith, and I doubt not that many of the compounds held in storage here could be duplicated in the morgue of many another drug store that has not yet adopted the deposit system."

The woman in black laid down her $1.25 meekly. "I suppose I can't blame you for being cautious," she said.

New and Old Money Slang.

The addition of "beans" to the list of slang terms for "money" is probable. Not that there is any need of new equivalents for that word. It already has more synonyms of curious and generally vulgar origin than any other word in our much-corrupted language.

"The word "gold" itself was originally slang. If derived from the old German, it meant "the yellow," if from the old Celtic, "the bright." The word "dollar" too is of slangy origin. It was first given to the ounce pieces of silver coined by a German count from his mine in a certain thal (valley). These were called "thalers." Emigrated to England they became "dollars," and Shakespeare must have known them as such, for he speaks of them once or twice in his plays. The English "pound" was in the beginning a literal pound weight of silver.

The slang of one period becomes the orthodox speech of a later one. Thus the "greenbacks" of the civil war were variously known at that time as "bills," "rags," "paper money," "legal tenders," "plasters," "shin-plasters" and "Uncle Sam's I O U's." The one hundred dollar notes were from the first called "centuries." The little currency notes for 50 cents and less were nicknamed "toe-plasters."

Among the hundred and one other slangy equivalents for money, still more or less used, only a few can be readily recalled, such as "the rhino," "the stamps," "boodle," "sugar," "the stuff," "the needful," "spondulix," "the ready," "the chink," "fat," "the long green," "the mon," "dough," "the quid pro quo," "the root" (short for the "root of all evil"), "ducats," "shekels," "soap," "tin," "sand," "dust" and "rocks."

If ever the purification of our language from slang is seriously undertaken, there is no word in the dictionary for which so many irregular terms will have to be dropped as "money."—New York World.

Buried 1500 years.

A curious discovery was made last month at Damendorf, in Schleswig. Some workmen, while digging peat, found a well-preserved corpse in the peat, clothed in a coarse woolen material, with red hair and with sandals on the feet. Dr. Splieth, of Kiel, who was at once informed of the discovery, estimated the age of the body at about 1,500 years. A few years ago several coins were also found near the same place, which were believed by experts to belong to the first centuries after Christ.

To Guard the Traveler.

Believing that railway carriages are greatly responsible for the spread of consumption, the German health department has resolved on making a reform. The ceilings of the carriages are to be varnished, and all corners likely to harbor dust are to be abolished. The tapestry is to be of plain material and devoid of embroidery, the favorite haunt of dust and microbes. The cushions will be movable, so that they can easily be changed from carriage to carriage, which will enable the floor to be properly kept clean.

Tea leaves are now dried electrically.

ARE SHARKS MAN-EATERS?

An Old Mississippi Bar Pilot's Reason for Believing That They Are.

Will a shark bite a living human being? The question has ben debated hundreds of times, and came up for discussion the other night among a little party at a suburban resort. "In spite of the current legend," said one of the group, "I don't believe sharks will attack a living person. I have spent my life near the sea, and have heard a hundred stories of swimmers being killed or bitten by the monsters, but all the tales were either at second hand, or were so vague they would never have passed for evidence in court. The fact that a New York newspaper offered a reward of $100 for an authentic case, and kept it standing for a year without a claimant, seems to me conclusive." "Well, sir," said another of the party, "I believe sharks do kill men, and have the best of reasons for my belief. I witnessed such a tragedy with my own eyes." The speaker was Captain McLaughlin, one of the oldest and best known bar pilots in the Mississippi river service.

"It happened twenty-one years ago last April," said the captain, when pressed for the details, "but the circumstances are as distinct in my mind as if it had occurred only yesterday. I was out looking for ships with my partner, Captain Tom Wilson, and the usual crew, and about twelve miles off South Pass we sighted a large sailing vessel, which proved to be the Zephyr, from Bath, in charge of Captain Switzer. There was a rival pilot boat near by, and we both made a rush for the ship to get the job of taking her in. Our party was nearest, and Captain Wilson and two sailors put off in a small boat to go aboard, but in their hurry they made a miscalculation and were struck by the bow and capsized. It all happened in a flash, but Wilson and one of the sailors were lucky enough to get hold of the overturned boat and hang on. The other sailor was thrown some distance away in the water. He was a big, brawny six-foot Swede named Ericsson, and when we saw him come up one of the crew tossed him a circular life buoy, which he seized almost immediately. The buoy was amply sufficient to sustain him, and he put his arms across it and held himself out of the water fully breast high. We had another small boat, and started at once to pick up the three men, making for Ericsson first. When we were less than a hundred feet away I saw a gigantic tiger shark rise and dart toward him, and, at the next instant, the poor fellow shot down out of sight, life buoy and all, like a man going through a trap. We were so horrified that we simply sat still and stared, and what seemed to be two or three minutes elapsed. Then the life buoy suddenly appeared. It must have risen from a great depth, because it bounded at least four feet in the air and fell back with a splash. Of Ericsson we never saw a trace. I went into that shark's maw as sure as two and two make four.

"We rescued the other two men all right," said Captain McLaughlin, in conclusion, "and Captain Wilson is still alive to bear out what I say. This, gentlemen, is my reason for believing that sharks will attack human beings. However, if any one can tell me what became of Ericsson, I am open to conviction."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Turn on Your Back and Drift Ashore.

A guest at my summer place a few miles from Pablo, while bathing, was carried out to sea, and when almost out of sight, and all hope had fled, to our surprise we suddenly saw his body impelled forcibly toward us. Then we saw it recede a few feet, and then again, as it were, shoot twenty feet toward the shore. This continued until my son and myself, at last able to reach him, bore him insensible to the beach.

After recovery, his story was that after losing all hope, guided by some mysterious impulse, he had turned upon his back, when he felt himself carried rapidly forward. He had then turned over upon his face to get his bearings, when he was carried out further from the land, and on again placing himself upon his back the surface waves brought him rapidly to the shore, a rescued man.

It is an error that the drowning man is attacked by cramp except in very cold weather. He drowns from heart failure, induced by the violent exertion and the upward pressure of the water upon the abdomen diminishing the space and impeding the action of the heart. By turning over on the back this pressure is removed, the back being almost entirely a strong wall of bone and muscle. Also when on the back, the entire body is nearer the surface, and the surface waves tend toward the shore the undercurrent out to sea, even the legs, when upon the back, being less exposed to the current that tends toward the sea. By floating gently upon the back, the heart, relieved of its pressure, becomes calm and quiet, and the swimmer can regain his strength and float for hours. The bather whose heart is weak should always present, when standing erect, the right side of the body to the waves, and thus avoid the Sullivan-like blows of the incoming waves upon a crippled heart. In every bath house should be posted the injunction: "In case of exhaustion or accident, turn upon the back."—Jacksonville Metropolis.

Down in Front.

Now the people of a certain locality were troubled grievously with plantains, which persisted in growing on the lawns in front of their houses.

"Why seek to exterminate them?" asked a stranger who passed that way. "Do you not know that it is now good form to cultivate plantains instead of lawn grass? Many of our best people are doing it. When properly trimmed they look much more luxuriant than grass, and the precise shade of green they present is the height of fashion."

So the people quit trying to raise grass on their lawns and devoted themselves to the cultivation of the plantain instead.

But such is the perversity of what we call inanimate things that the plantains at once became sickly and feeble, while the unfashionable and undesirable grass began to grow with such extraordinary zeal and persistency that it soon took entire possession, and the people were compelled with great reluctance to give up the struggle and abandon their lawns to the grassy enemy with the old fashioned tint.—Chicago Tribune.

GHOST DANCE TO ORDER.

Col. Wade's Guide, Under Instruction, Entertained a Visitor at Fort Reno.

"I read the other day that the Indians in the Southwest were out for ghost dances again. It made me laugh," said a man who was visiting Governor's Island.

"You have been down there?" said the officer who was doing the honors.

"Yes. It was when Colonel, now General Wade, was in command of Fort Reno, the reservation being in Oklahoma. I had a letter to him, and in my talk I said to him that I had never seen a ghost dance. He smiled. Later in the talk I repeated that I would like to look at a ghost dance if I had an opportunity. After dinner he called in one of his officers and told him of my curiosity. 'If you have any entertainment of that kind this evening,' said the commandant, 'please see that our visitor is invited.'

"It was after dark when the officer and I rode out of the post and across the prairie. After a trot of nearly two hours we came to a place where the officer reined up and said 'hello' in a low voice. A man came out of the house bareheaded and without a coat. The officer spoke in Spanish, and the bareheaded man replied in the same language. Then the officer told me to dismount and go in, adding that the man would be my guide, and having done this he galloped off, having told me I would be well cared for.

"My guide spoke English. We started on foot, Indian fashion, the guide in advance. We walked in silence for an hour. Not once did he look back or speak. Then we came upon an Indian tent, not a shack; you know what I mean; regular Indian tent with poles. The guide told me to wait, and he went to the opening and spoke in Cheyenne.

"There was quite a parley. The guide talked as we talk when we get mad. Finally he went in, and then I heard several voices. A few minutes later an Indian buck came out, yawned and grunted. Then two others came out, after them two squaws, then an old man and two boys. The guide was the last to come out.

"He came to me and asked me if I had any whiskey. "Well, I had. A man had to drink something in Oklahoma. The guide said if I didn't mind he would pass the bottle. Of course I complied. I knew where I could get more, but you can't always see a ghost dance. After the bottle was passed the guide gave a command, and then the incantation began. It didn't last long, for the dancers again demanded the bottle. It wasn't a very big bottle, but I handed it out again, and it came back empty. Of course that was to be expected. You can't expect a small bottle of whiskey to last long where there are seven Indians in the party. After the second round they groaned and made signs and chanted their weird song, if song you could call it.

"All at once the dance stopped. Ditto the sounds. They knew there was no more firewater, and they struck. My guide pulled out a revolver and levelled it on the dancers and cursed them. At first they refused to dance. Then the guide fired. I swear I saw the shot tear up a piece of ground, and one of the Indians jumped about three feet in the air. I felt guilty. I begged the guide not to force the dance, as I had seen enough. But he informed me that he never compromised with a damned Indian even in a dance. Bang went the gun again, and another Indian leaped into the air. This started up the business once more, and they got down to business in fine style. They kept it up until I asked the guide to let them go back.

"We returned to the guide's cabin, and I remained there during the night, sleeping on the floor. The next day I rode back to the fort and paid my respects to Colonel Wade. As I was leaving him I said I thought I should enjoy a ghost dance where whiskey and pistols were not resorted to as the moving power.

"'You might see one where pistols are not necessary,' he replied, 'but in my opinion a ghost dance without whiskey would be tame.'

"After that remark I never had much curiosity to see a ghost dance."

The officer laughed as though he understood the necessary ingredient to make a ghost dance a success.

Here's the Way to Live Long.

Do you want to live to be old? Then you must sweat for it.

Says Dr. J. H. Kellogg:

"The Creator understood this when He ordained that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Sweat produced by exercise is necessary as a means of removing waste products from the body, and of burning up the rubbish which clogs the wheels of life. All persons who have lived to a great age have been characterized by active physical habits.

"The diseases which afflict old age are rheumatism, diabetes, gout and obesity, aside from general weakness of all the organs resulting from degeneration. All these diseases are antagonized by work. Exercise involves the expenditure of energy and the burning up of materials stored in fat and glycogen.

"Exercise prevents old age by preventing fatty changes, while idleness engenders in the body an excess of fat. Nature, finding no use for this excess, deposits it in the blood vessels, muscles and other tissues, and by this means they undergo fatty degeneration. Activity uses up the waste matter, and keeps off old age. Idleness is the greatest foe of longevity.

"There is another degeneration peculiar to advancing years and that is the process by which the blood vessels wither away, and thus carry off nutrition from the different organs and tissues of the body. This may be largely prevented by persistent exercise. When sufficient exercise is taken the blood is poured into the blood vessels in a torrent, and these capillaries and blood vessels, instead of contracting, are stretched to their fullest capacity and kept in activity.

"The most active men and the busiest live the longest. William Cullen Bryant at the age of eighty still practiced regular exercise, one of which consisted of raising himself up and down on his toes from 300 to 500 times. After some other exercise of a similar nature he took a ten or twelve mile walk. John Ericsson habitually worked from twelve to fifteen hours a day, and then walked the streets from 10 p. m. until midnight."

Do You Know

That we offer you better combination rates than any other paper in this section. Look over our combination list and see where you can save from 10 cents to 25 cents on some papers you are now taking. Here they are:

The Ypsilanti Commercial and the Michigan Farmer, both from now until January 1, 1901, for $1 50.

The Ypsilanti Commercial and the The Detroit Twice-a-week Journal, both for one year for $1 60.

The Ypsilanti Commercial and The Detroit Twice-a-week Free Press, both one year for $1.60.

The Ypsilanti Commercial and The New York Weekly Tribune, both from now until Jan. 1, 1901, for $1.25.

☞Correspondents will please have their mail reach our office by noon on Wednesday.

THURSDAY, OCTBER 25, 1900.

COUNTY NEWS.

SUPERIOR TOWN.

E. L. Strang has his new corn husker and it works to perfection.

Ward Conklin has his barn completed.

Lee Wilber was surprised the other night by about twenty of his friends, who dropped in to remind him that it was his birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gale and family have retutned home from Milan, after a few days visit with Mrs. Gale's parents.

Married, Oct 17, at the bride's home, in Milan, Miss Estella Ward and Floyd W. Robinson of Chicago. It will be remembered Miss Ward taught the Kimmel school for awhile. They will make their home in Chicago, where Mr. Robinson holds a position as teacher in chemistry.

A social will be given at Lee Wilber's Friday evening, Oct. 26.

Charles Arnold pinched one of his fingers very badly in the corn husker by getting it caught between the rollers.

We as farmers are very much pleased to receive a packet sent us by Henry Smith, explaining the beauties of the Republican platform, and I wish to quote an extract of the speech made by the Hon. Charles Emory Smith, Postmaster General. It is headed, American Economic Superiority. "Let me ask your attention to our remarkable position of economic superiority, and to the imperitive demands which grow out of it. Familiar as we are with our national growth we do not realize its stupendous proportions until we analyze and measure it by comparison. In 1870 the annual value of our manufacturers was $3,700,000,000, now it is about $12,000,000,000. For half a century England has been the workshop of the world; we had just begun. Still we had such a start that in 1870 the manufacture of the U. S. just about equalled those of Great Britain. Since then our growth has been so prodigious that now our manufactures amount to two and one-half times the total volume of Great Britain, and equal to Great Britain, Germany and France put together. The increase of the annual American product of thirty years has been double the combined increase of those three great nations of Europe. And now we manufacture nearly two thirds as much as all Europe with its 380,000,000 people, and more than one-third of all that is manufactured in the world. In 1860 our aggregate wealth was but little more than half that of Great Britain, less than half of France and about half of the nation that make up German Empire. Now it is one-third greater than Great Britain, double Germany, and nearly double that of France. Within forty years the U. S. has gained over 67,000 millions of wealth while Great Britain, France and Germany together have gained less than 60,000 millions."

Now then, we will say all this is true, but let us look at the condition the U. S. is in financially, and compare with those of thirty or forty years ago. If we have made so much our indebtedness must be most paid off. Our public debt taken from the treasury departmrnt in 1960 was $64,842,287.88; in 1870 it was $2,480,672,427 81; in 1900, the last statement, it was $3,092,685,024.42. Compare these figures and see how fast our public debt is being paid off. In 1861 we had 8,636 drawing pensions and paid them each year $1,072,461.55. In 1899 we had 991,518 drawing pensions, or $139,482,696.00 paid each year. We find France in debt per head under a military government, $116.35. Germany per head reaches almost $100.00. England $87.97 per head. United States per head is $14.65. Now, do you want a government of militaryism?

If the Honorable is right about our manufactures being so much greater than Europe, why do we have to have a protective tariff to bar them out so we can keep going? Why, if our manufacture is so large, are our laborers striking for common pay? If our trade is so great, why is our money owned by so few? If our public debt was to be paid tomorrow who would pay the largest percentage by the way our taxes are levied? The Honorable says "we command the future of the world's trade." Who is "we," the producer or the gold hoarders? We find the ratio now between gold and silver 16 to 1, under a Republican president and House. Where is the 53 cent dollar that was talked of four years ago?

We find our trade large; we find our national debt equal to it; we find our pension claims in the same condition yet growing; we find our workmen ground lower; we find depression everywhere; we find 50 millionaires now to one 25 years ago, yet we command the future in manufacture in the world, the Hon. says. We want to tell him it is no disgrace to be poor, yet we find it very unhandy sometimes.

A THOUSAND TONGUES

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard St., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe" So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Morford & Hyzer's drug store; every bottle guaranteed.

STONY CREEK.

The Epworth League literary department will hold their monthly meeting at the M. E. Parsonage Friday evening, October 26. Subject for the evening, "Tennyson." There will also be a paper on "Liquid Air."

Rev. and Mrs. Marsh visited Rev. H. Pierce and wife of Scofield Monday.

Rev. H. J. B. Marsh and Reid Darling attended district stewards' meeting at Tecumseh last Friday.

Mr. West has added a line of hardware to his stock.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Coe visited with Mr. and Mrs. Darling Sunday.

Rev. Whitfield of Unadilla has occupied the Presbyterian pulpit three successive Sundays.

T. E. Talladay is having his house painted.

Miss Jessie Baxter is spending the week with friends and relatives at Azalia,

Mrs. Myrtle Link of Cincinnati, Ohio, is here assisting in the care of her daughter, Nellie Bissell, who is very ill.

Mrs. Pyle of Milan and her mother, Mra. Minzey of New York, were the guests of the Misses Minzey this week.

The Lowden School captured premiums to the amount of twenty-three dollars at the Ann Arbor fair and the teacher, Miss Chatterton, and her pupils feel like congratulating themselves. Some of the awards were: Collection of work from advanced grades, $8; collection of work from primary grades, $8; school song, $3; relief map of Europe by Mabel Davis, (1st premium) $1; collection of Michigan produce by Willie Foley, (1st premium) $1; township map of Washtenaw county by Sadie Lowden, (2d premium) $.50; business letter (1st premium) $.50; reproduction stories (1st premium) $.50; design in weaving (1st premium) $.50.

GOOD NEWS FOR OUR READERS

Who have scrofula taints in their blood, and who have not? Scrofula in all its forms is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which thoroughly purifies the blood. This diseases which frequently appears in children, is greatly to be dreaded. It is most likely to affect the glands of the neck, which become enlarged, erruptions appear on the head and face, and the eyes are frequently affected. Upon its first appearance, perhaps in slight eruptions or pimples, scrofula should be entirely eradicated from the system by a thorough course of Hood's Sarsaparilla to prevent all the painful and sickening consequences of running scrofula sores which drain the system, sap the strength and make existence utterly wretched.

OAK GROVE SCHOOL.

The Oak Grove school will give a social at Eugene Wilson's Nov. 2. All are cordially invited.

Mrs. Anna McDonald is visiting friends in Stony Creek.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Seaver broke her arm last Wednesday morning, October 17th.

Mr. Irrin Seaver of Ypsilanti is attending the Ann Arbor high school this winter.

Miss Ida Wiederheft of Ypsilanti visited at her folks last week.

Scrofula in the blood shows itself sooner or later in swellings, sores, eruptions. But Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures it.

There's no reflection so dainty, no light so charming as the mellow glow that comes from

CORDOVA Wax Candles

Prepared in many color tints to harmonize with surroundings in dining room, drawing room, bed room or hall. Sold everywhere. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

DENTON.

Hon. Solon Goodell of Canton secured the Republican nomination for senator of the fourth senatorial district at Wayne last Monday.

Wm. Roach and Jonn W. Gillispie attended the Democratic county convention at Wayne last Saturday.

E. F. Pearl has moved into Perry Vorce's house just south of town.

H. P. Miller of Detroit is moving to Denton.

Mrs. Joseph Clark is able to be out again.

Mrs. P. B. Moon recently visited her parents in Grand Rapids.

You little knew when first we met
That some day you would be
The lucky fellow I'd choose to let,
Pay for my Rocky Mountain Tea.
Ask your druggist.

LET US DO OUR DUTY.

Editor Commercial:

On the nomination of the Hon. Martin G. Loennecker for congress let us rejoice. That he will be elected goes without saying. That his victory will be overwhelming is equally conclusive. This is not enough. Now is the time for all the loyal friends of honest government to show their devotion. Let us make Mr. Loennecker's victory not only overwhelming, but unprecedented. The second congressional district is preeminently one of intelligent men—friends of good government. If every men will strive to turn one vote from the oppositlon—only one vote—a magnificent result will be accomplished. This will not require much individual effort, but the aggregate result will be surprising.

This is an extraordinary year. Great principles are at stake. Every voter should be a politician in the cause of right.

The volunteer clad in the pomp and circumstance of war, who marches forth to battle for his country's weal, is no more a patriot than he whose honest effort in this day of peril is directed to stay the trend of empire and rescue his native land from the all destroying hand of boodle.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way," and it behooves us, as patriots, to see that the Stars and Stripes do not herald its desperate march.

Do you appreciate efficient service? Remember then that able men flourish most where merit is best rewarded.

Do you wish to have an honest man to represent you at the nation's councils in the best possible manner? Then do not forget that Martin G. Loennecker was the best mayor Jackson ever had.

His character is untarnished; his ability is unquestioned; his record as a public man is one of which Mr. Bryan himself might well be proud.

The fact that Mr. Loennecker was never beaten is a splendid tribute to the intelligence and gratitude of voters of this country who appreciate honesty.

Let us do our duty.

VOTER.

EVERY MOVEMENT HURTS

When you have rheumatism. Muscles feel sore and joints are painful. It does not pay to suffer long from this disease when it may be cured so promptly and perfectly by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine goes right to the spot, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, which causes rheumatism, and puts an end to the pain and stiffness.

Billiousness is cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

TRIED TO HOLD UP JUDD.

"D—n you, I'll blow your head off!" said a tough looking stranger to William Judd Tuesday evening about 6 o'clock, as he drew a revolver and pointed it at the gunsmith's head.

Mr. Judd didn't see it that way, so he grappled with the man, although he had a companion equally burly and no less disreputable looking than himself, and after a fierce struggle succeeded in capturing the weapon. The companion tried to take a hand in the fracas, but before he could find an opening where he would not be in danger of injuring his friend, the fellow's revolver had been taken from him. The pair lost their nerve at this juncture and beat a hasty retreat, leaving Mr. Judd with a loaded 38 calibre H. & P. revolver as a souvenir of the occasion.

Mr. Judd had left his gun shop, 11 S. Washington street, for a moment, and on his return found the two strangers inside, one of whom was watching at the front door, while the other was behind the counter helping himself to a pile of revolvers.

"What are you doing here?" called out the gunsmith, and the man came hastily to the front, holding a revolver in his hand and pointing to another in his pocket saying, "I want to buy these."

"You dont buy anything here, and you don't leave until you are searched," returned Mr. Judd.

With a curse the fellow drew a third revolver, upon which the shopkeeper buckled in, with the above result.

After leaving the store the pair made their way down S. Washington street and they have not been seen since.

Mr. Judd cannot describe them any more definitely than that one was about 5 feet 7 and the other several inches shorter, and of heavy build, and that he wore a stubby red mustache.

Why Suffer Torment?

ALMA-BROMO SALT (Effervescent)

—Nature's Own Tonic Laxative,

leads the way to hope and health. It is provided by nature herself for aid to suffering humanity, and, as is nature's way, its efficiency is beyond the power of mankind to equal.

This cooling, healing draught comes direct from the bowels of the earth, half a mile below the surface, from the strongest bromide spring in the world, at Alma, Mich. It is invaluable in the treatment of

Torpid Liver, Stimulating the Kidneys, Nervous Depression, Constipation, Headache, Purifying the Blood, Beautifying the Complexion, Indigestion, Piles, Alcoholic Excesses, Insomnia.

ALMA-BROMO SOAP

Nature's Own Beautifier, invaluable for toilet, bath and nursery. Possesses medicinal properties found in no other soap in the world; a tonic to the skin; a sedative and purifier in all skin diseases. A warm bath with this soap before retiring insures sweet sleep. Its sedative and tonic properties are due to the presence of the same natural ingredients that have made Alma-Bromo Mineral Water of such great benefit to the world.

ALMA-BROMO OINTMENT

for external treatment of all skin, scalp and blood diseases.

ALMA-BROMO FREE BY MAIL —It is our desire to give away several thousand sample packages of Alma-Bromo Soap and also of Alma-Bromo Ointment FREE to all who write us enclosing 2c stamp to pay postage. Write today.

ALMA-BROMO preparations are on sale at all Druggists.

Trade Supplied By

THE MICHIGAN DRUG CO., - DETROIT.

LUMBER

Lath and Shingles. All kinds at reduced prices. To sell direct to the farmer or contractor. Also good farming lands. . . .

C.S.Bliss, Saginaw W. S.Mich

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Mary Surridge, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of John P. Kirk, in the city of Ypsilanti, in said county, on Monday the 24th day of December, and on Monday, the 25th day of March next, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, Sept. 24, 1900.

JOHN P. KIRK,
REV. FRANK KENNEDY,
Commissioners.

31w

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and no takeother kind. | J-'99

Mortgage Sale.

By a mortgage bearing date February 8, 1895, and recorded on the ninth day of February, 1895, in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Washtenaw, in the state of Michigan, in liber 73 of mortgages on page 597, James M. Cairns and Ella Cairns, his wife, duly mortgaged to Mary A. Worden, all that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the city of Ypsilanti, in the county of Washtenaw, and state of Michigan, and described as follows, to-wit: Lot number two hundred and forty-two (242) of the original plat to the village (now city) of Ypsilanti, Washtenaw county, Michigan. The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice for principal and attorney's fees as provided for in said mortgage is the sum of three hundred sixty-five (365) dollars.

Derault having occurred in a condition of said mortgage, by which the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the debt thereby secured or any part thereof, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises, at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on the eighteenth day of January, 1901, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the east front door of the court house in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, said court house being the place of holding the circuit court within said county.

Dated, Oct. 23, 1900.

MARY A. WORDEN, Mortgagee.

JOHN P. KIRK, Attorney for Mortgagee. 33w13

100 THOUSAND LIVE TURKEYS WANTED.

G. W. Johnson, Ypsilanti, of the Cold Storage will be in the Market this fall for all kinds of live Poultry. Will pay the highest market price.

G. W. JOHNSON.

TORPID LIVERS.

are stimulated and bodily health improved by using that delightful, refreshing Alma-Bromo Salt (effervescent). No other preparation is just as good. At druggists.

CASTORIA

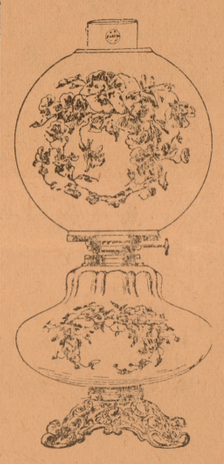
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

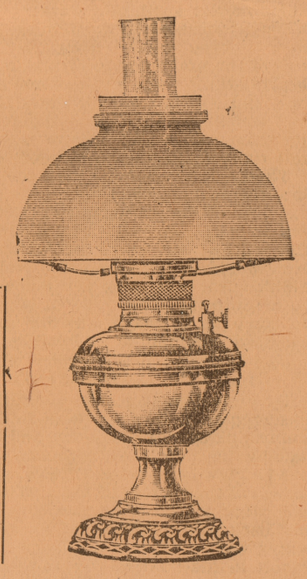
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

OUR SHOW

Of new and beautiful Lamps will delight you. Never so many beauties, never so much desirability gathered together as in this department—NOW.



No. 1 has large size burner, takes a regular chimney, with shade or globe, at 90c



No. 2. White Light, takes No. 2 Electric chimney. The merits of this Lamp are: It is low priced, $1.50 complete, Gives 100 candle power light, Complete satisfaction, at slight cost for oil.

Decorated Night Lamps, 10c each.

Crockery and House Furnishing Department.

DAVIS & CO.

"ON THE CORNER"

SEVERAL PROPOSITIONS

The Commercial and The Michigan Farmer

Both one Year Each for Only $1.40.	Both Every Week to January 1 for Only 40 cts.	The Michigan Farmer Alone to January 1 for only 20 cts.

The Michigan Farmer FREE to January 1 to any subscriber in arrears who will pay $1 or who will pay a year's subscription in advance.....

The Michigan Farmer the great Weekly and Agricultural and Live Stock Journal was established 47 years ago. Its market reports are carefully compiled and corrected each week. It is at all times liberally illustrated. Complete instructions how to make at home, implements and articles for farmers' use, are given; careful and studious attention is given to each department, Agricultural, horticultural, poultry, the dairy, live stock, and all matters of interest to the farmer and stock raiser. For sample copy address THE MICHIGAN FARMER, Detroit, Mich.

WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT

Send all orders to The Ypsilanti Commercial, Ypsilanti, Mich.

YOUR COAL!

BETTER BUY NOW

You will get no better Coal by waiting, while you may get a LARGER BILL. It's practically certain that good coal (that's the kind we sell) will be higher in price in the near future.

You can save a few dollars no easier than in keeping down your coal bill.

Phone 247.
122 Huron Street.

C. F. REINHART.